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SPRING JUMPER

Directions inside

Lure of the COMMUNICATION CORD

By
VICKI
ANDERSON

WHEN the pulling of the communication-cord suddenly brought a Bathurst-bound train to a standstill last

month, the guard, fearing the worst, rushed along the line to a carriage.

Only occupant, a man, was leaning far out of the window engrossed in photographing a particularly beautiful view.

The photographer turned round, smiled dreamily at the guard, and with an apologetic "It was such a beautiful

view," pocketed his camera and settled comfortably back in his seat.

Appreciating the view outside, but taking a poor view of this "improper use" of the communication-cord, the guard informed him that he would be fined, and the train continued.

The urge to pull the communication-cord on a train strikes most of us at some time or other during a boring rail journey.

After a close inspection of fellow-passengers and the water-jug has yielded nothing more than a speculation on whether the water is really fresh, our eyes

inevitably become glued to the sign:

ALARM SIGNAL

In Case of Emergency

PULL CHAIN

Penalty for Improper Use £10

In some States the maximum

amount is £5; in others £20.

That curious quirk in human nature which always tempts us to flout any authoritative DON'T, especially if the DOING promises diversion, is never more irresistibly challenged than in this sign, the wording of which, maddeningly enough, is both an invitation and a warning.

OFFICIALDOM FROWNS on such gentlemen as the one pictured above. "In case of emergency" is the injunction to users of communication cords.

Tomorrow is a Wonderful Day



"SPARKLING 22"

A Special Message . . . Introducing to the thousands of ESCAPEE LIPSTICK users a new Spring and Summer shade . . . "SPARKLING 22". This glorious new colour being a natural red . . . gives sparkling life to the lips.

Escapee Lipstick is made under licence and from the formula of one of America's foremost cosmetic manufacturers. Made in two sizes.

Escapee

THE THOROUGHbred OF LIPSTICKS

Happily for our financial status and the railway's efficient train schedules, the urge is usually conquered by that maximum fine—but not always.

Of the 200 trains stopped every year in New South Wales, the majority, according to railway officials, are stopped by people who succumb to the urge, and in the resultant alarm and confusion cheerfully or sheepishly resign themselves to prosecution.

"Some of these offenders," said one old guard, "have a communication-cord complex. Something snaps inside them whenever they see a cord, and they've just got to pull it; and the penalty warning just seems to make 'em madder."

"Then there's the type of puller who just doesn't believe everything he reads, and stops the train to find out if the railway is fair dinkum about imposing the fine."

"Then there's the repressed type. One train was thrown an hour out of schedule, and several women had to be treated for shock, all because the communication-cord puller had decided to resort to a little communication-cord-pulling as a means of getting rid of his inferiority complex."

Fortunately, not all cords are operated in the cause of inhibitions and photography.

In cases of sickness, accident, and other emergencies, many a passenger has had good cause to be grateful to his old friend, the communication-cord, which, although it is actually a chain, still takes its name from the first rope communication-cord introduced on trains about 1860.

Up to that time it was the exclusive privilege of Queen Victoria and fellow Royal travellers to operate the only device by which the attention of the train driver could be attracted.

In 1850 there was built for Queen Victoria a special saloon coach "with ceiling of exquisitely embroidered watered silk, and floor carpet show-

ing a scarlet figure of the House of Lords pattern."

So that the Queen could signal to the engine driver when she wanted the coach to speed up, slow down, or stop, a disc and crossbar contraption was fixed to the roof and operated from inside.

Ever on the alert for this signal was a porter who, exposed to rain, hail, sleet, and snow, had to sit in a curious hooded chair on the back of the tender, overlooking the roof of the carriage.

However, even this arrangement was not entirely satisfactory, for, on the eve of a journey in 1852, one of Queen Victoria's equerries wrote to the railway officials:

"I am desired to intimate Her Majesty's wish that the speed of the Royal train on the 30th-31st should on no account be increased at any one part of the time in order to

and that is feat enough in itself to satisfy any communication-cord puller."

However, in the opinion of one old guard, some people are never satisfied. He quoted this example:—

A woman stopped a crowded train several miles out of a country town after discovering she had left her handbag on the station. She was terribly sweet and apologetic about it, and SIMPLY hated putting the driver to any more trouble, but would he be sweet enough to reverse the train back to the station?

make up for the time lost by an unforeseen delay at another; so that if any unexpected delay does take place no attempt is to be made to regain time by travelling faster than what has been agreed upon in the Time Bill you have sent me.

"This order has probably arisen from one of the Directors telling Her Majesty last year that they had been driving a train at the rate of 60 miles an hour, a gratuitous piece of information which very naturally alarmed Her Majesty, although it was probably incorrect."

Years later, in response to public demand for a signalling device for ordinary passengers, the communication-cord was born.

The cord, fitted through rings to the outside of each carriage, ran the full length of the train.

To pull it, a passenger had to lower the nearest window, scramble precariously round outside on the sill, and grab upward.

The cords made contact with the driver's whistle, and a gong in the guard's van, then a brakeman applied the brakes.

QUEEN VICTORIA BEGAN IT ALL

With the introduction of the vacuum brake about the beginning of the present century, communication chains replaced the cords.

On all corridor trains the pulling of the chain immediately applies the brakes of the train, but on many side-car trains still in use in Australia there is no chain.

Passengers in these trains have to smash a glass and press a button which signals the driver to stop the train.

When you pull the chain on a corridor train a small valve opens at the ends of the carriage, admitting air to the brake cylinders beneath the train. This causes the pistons in these cylinders to rise and pull on the brakes.

In fact, you do precisely what the driver does with his brake-valve when he wants to stop the train.

Raw Red CHAFING HEALED

When nappies rub against baby's tender little limbs and cause painful chafing, making him cross and fretful . . .

You can give him quick relief by smoothing those sore, rough parts with gentle, healing Rexona Ointment!

In a very short time this cool, soothing Ointment will take away the soreness . . . ending the inflammation.

You'll have a happier baby if you use Rexona Ointment at the first sign of chafing. Keep a jar always handy.

THE RAPID HEALER
Rexona
OINTMENT
1/6 A JAR
Rexona's SIX healing medicaments make it the perfect remedy for all skin troubles.

WRAP YOURSELF IN COTTON-WOOL

By
BROOKE HANLON

EVERYTHING about home was comfortable and familiar to Lisbeth again, after a year and a half. Coming in from her work on rainy and windy evenings, the softness of it was good. Her mother's care, her father's kindly protection—these were things that went far back into the past, and she would come in slowly, savoring them. They were things that shut out thought and suffering—and change.

No one ever said anything about the four years she'd had of not being safe, the four of being married to Jimmy Murray.

Even Lisbeth's most intimate friends needn't know yet, not until the war was ended and the separation was legally done, that she had come home to stay, leaving Jimmy for good.

There were only few and far between letters to remind her of her husband now. For months at a time neither his close friends nor his family could have a very clear idea of where Jimmy was.

The letters were scrawled and impersonal chronicles, when they came. Her equally impersonal answers were addressed c/o G.P.O., and were forwarded on by the authorities. Their little house was a good, safe topic to write about. Every once in a while she would let it for a time, furnished, and she'd inform Jimmy of that fact. Just now it was being advertised again to be let or sold, and she'd told him about that.

Jimmy's brief and long-delayed letters gave her a few crumbs of news to pass on. No one expected much in the way of information about a man who was on active service. One didn't separate legally from such a man, not when he'd been moved into a war zone.

The world conflict was an annoying inconvenience which her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Trainer, shut out of their lives as much as possible. They refused to listen to bad news, they tucked their savings snugly away, and dug themselves in.

This morning her father was blinking unhappily at his paper. He always turned first to the news about his cautious investments.

Her mother said, "It's colder, Lisbeth." Her mother could bring up safe subjects and serve them at the breakfast table. "I shall put another blanket on your bed."

It was a familiar way her mother had of cherishing her as a child, and perhaps part of it came from her parents being so much older than a twenty-six-year-old's parents normally are. Lisbeth smiled at her mother. She saw then that it was she her father was blinking unhappily at.

"It's too bad," he said. He threw the paper down. "Well—" He growled it. "Now Jim's a hero."

Lisbeth took the paper calmly enough. Sipping coffee, she read about Jimmy. It was on the front page of the paper, and there was a photograph of him. Lieut. Murray, R.N.V.R., had scored a direct hit on an aircraft carrier. She read hurriedly. She looked up, to see her father frown and her mother's lips settle into familiar lines.

"Why do you say it's too bad, Father?" Lisbeth asked slowly. "It's—glorious."

"It's too bad that it has all to be brought up for you again."

"Jimmy worked on this newspaper, you know," she reminded him. "So naturally they're specially interested." She got up from the table and walked out of the room.

The newspaper's photographer caught her coming down the garden path, proof that the paper meant to make the most of its first staff hero.

"You're Mrs. Murray, aren't you?" the man asked belatedly.

She opened her mouth to say something, closed it, looked helplessly at her father. The cameraman was asking her to say something, immediately. Was she doing war work? She was proud of her husband, of course?

"I'm very proud." That was true enough, but she was very proud of Jimmy Murray, R.N.V.R., and not of Jimmy Murray, husband. It was a distinction one didn't make for strangers.

"It's all nonsense," her father said uncomfortably. "You've finished with your marriage, and you're home again, for good."

It didn't matter, Lisbeth thought. The photograph of herself, so untidy in the wind, would show what might have been any girl in the country coming down the garden path from her parents' house, and that was that.

Her eyes were on the paper as she sat in the train, but she didn't read, for suddenly the story about Jimmy was real. She was seeing him in his supreme moments. Fighting off two enemy planes, and downing one, and eluding the other. Turning to go back and release his bombs with not enough petrol left to reach his base, with one arm hanging useless and his gunner dead. . . . She was trembling.

Not one moment, but a string of glorious moments, and Jimmy would have loved every one of them. Her shivering went on. Being picked up out of the water—that would have been only anticlimax for Jimmy Murray. It wouldn't have been escape from death so much as just a prelude to more smashing crescendos of living.

Then she had to come back to earth and begin to forget again. No doubt her father had been right. After so long it was too bad that she should be reminded of something that she had been striving to forget.

She would never forget that terrible night her marriage had crashed.

"You want to wrap yourself in cotton-wool. You want us both in cotton-wool," Jimmy had said, almost contemptuously.

"I do, Jimmy. I do. I want us to have security—"

"Lisbeth, Lisbeth—that's your father and mother talking. They're old, and set in their ways."

"They take reasonable care." Tears threatened her voice, throwing at Jimmy this justification of all the things she wanted.

The things she'd wanted . . . All the safe, abiding things she'd grown up with. The staying in one place, the accumulation of loved possessions, the safe margins of everything. That hadn't been Jimmy's way. Adventure and change and the long chance—head up and eyes answering life's every challenge—that had been Jimmy.

Her parents' misgivings about her marriage . . .

their distrust of everything about Jimmy, from his newspaper friends to his passion for flying.

Less than six months after the wedding Jimmy had given up his job on the paper and had put part of his snug inheritance into an aircraft firm and had gone to South America to represent the firm.

A wild-cat scheme her father had dubbed it, and her mother had wept. And Lisbeth herself? Slowly and painfully she had pulled up the first little home by the roots. The new life in South America would hold Jimmy. She'd clung to that thought, blinking tears away, watching the new and treasured things go off to storage.

It didn't matter that Jimmy and Bill Abbott had made a success of their rather obscure little aircraft factory and had been able to sell it to an established line. What mattered was that after little more than a year Jimmy had been off again.

He'd bought a small local newspaper in the North of England. Lisbeth had moved her furniture this time. Lovingly she had polished silver and made curtains. Now, with two years of marriage behind them, she and Jimmy would begin to live.

Please turn to page 4

"Are your father and mother calling for you?" Lisbeth heard Jimmy say abruptly.



LESS than a year

Wrap Yourself in Cotton-wool

this time, and they'd been moving to Canada.

There had been a stubborn resistance in her heart then.

"You're the time to find out what's right for you and what it's all about," Jimmy had explained it again, patiently, looking down at her set face. "You're an inflexible sort of a cuss, Liz."

That's when I should have left Jimmy. But don't think about it. Don't. Not again.

They'd come back after a few months to Oak Hill, where they had had their first home, and Jimmy had bought another little house.

Lisbeth had thought of it as a final trial, if she'd thought at all. To get back home, to have Jimmy caught up in the life of Oak Hill. A job on his old newspaper again. Old friends—her friends, her family within reach. She hadn't had much heart to put into it, though, and perhaps Jimmy had had no heart at all. His work on the paper had kept him in town a lot. His hours were erratic and he'd never been drawn into the life of the neighborhood.

"We're never going to want the same things," she'd said it quietly enough at the end. "I've tried, Jimmy, and now I don't want to try any longer."

She hadn't tried any longer; she'd gone home.

Somehow, Lisbeth got through the day and the congratulations from well-meaning people who thought she would be happy and excited because of what had happened. But when dinner was over that night she hurried to her room. Now her mother was tapping softly at her door. Her father and mother would be worried because Jimmy's exploit had upset her day.

"Going to bed, dear?" Mrs. Trainer asked.

"I'm perfectly all right, Mother." It was true, too. She had to keep repeating it to herself. She would be all right soon.

It would have been all right but for Jimmy's being invalided home.

There was no heralding of his arrival; there was just his appearance in England, and then the papers' fanfare. Lisbeth was caught up in it, her photograph featured with Jimmy's. She was the young and beautiful wife of the newest hero to come home to be decorated, and she appeared on the front pages, too.

She tried to think coherently, the night before she went to Buckingham Palace. Jimmy had listed her as his next of kin. There'd been the official invitation to be present at

the ceremony, but it was Jimmy's telephone call from the port at which he had arrived that had clinched matters.

"I'll do whatever seems best to you," she had managed to get that through the rather blurred connection.

"Good. Come down, then. Save a lot of explanations." His voice had sounded far away and strange. "Yes, Yes, I'll meet your train."

"It's just a show," Lisbeth had looked at her mother's compressed lips. "A little embarrassing, but—the mistake was in not clarifying things before Jimmy went away."

"It's taking you right back into—into things again."

"It's just for one day. Mother, if you're thinking I'm going to be caught up in the thrill, I'm the most immune person in the world." She was immune because her mind was closed and her heart numbed. Home on leave—she thought of that phrase on the train. But Jimmy had no home now. There was only that little house standing empty in Oak Hill. Where would he go, therefore? But Jimmy's plans for his leave would be his own, of course.

The station was a blur of rain and fog. There was Jimmy, tanned and thin, his arm in a sling and a new gravity in his face. He kissed her.

Several people came up, and Jimmy introduced them. There was one quiet oasis of time in which Jimmy's eyes searched her face quietly and carefully, and then they were no longer alone.

The Buckingham Palace ceremony was short, it was smilingly solemn, and Lisbeth was only in the background.

As they left, Jimmy was quieter, Lisbeth noticed. He had a nice deference and a modest and matter-of-fact way of telling about his experiences. He had a deft way of handling the reporters who approached him.

She had forgotten one small thing, Lisbeth discovered. It was that everyone was happy where Jimmy was. With one minor exception—the girl who went through all this with her heart numbed. She didn't count.

Leaving the Palace in a taxi, they had their first real fragments of talk. "How is the arm, Jimmy? I am so sorry."

"Don't be. I was lucky. It's going to be all right. You, Lisbeth." He turned upon her the rather searching look again. "How have you been?"

"Very well," she said steadily.

Continued from page 3

After a while, he said, "You've been splendid, Lisbeth. If you just carry on like this a little longer—"

"But Oak Hill. Dad and Mother—that is—"

She was biting her lip again. "I know." He was silent for a moment. "After all, I do officially live there, I suppose." His voice was a little tired. "None of this publicity was of my hatching."

She stared hard out of the taxi window.

"It's only for a few more hours," she said at last constrainedly.

When they reached Oak Hill and were in a taxi on their way to her parents' house, she closed her eyes for a moment. When she opened them after a while it was to sit forward with a start. They were turning into Edgemere Road, and it was down Edgemere Road that the Murrys' little house was.

"Where in the world—" she breathed.

"Sit down," Jimmy murmured guardedly. "It's as good a way as any."

"The house isn't even open," Lisbeth's lips felt stiff. "It hasn't been touched since—"

But she was wrong about the house. The little place shone with cleanliness. It was flower-filled, and it looked lived-in again. The house was as festive as a wife would have arranged for a husband's return if there had been time.

THE neighborly touch, she thought helplessly. Her women friends telling romantically here all day.

"We knew you wouldn't mind," Janet Amory pressed forward eagerly. "We got the key from Suter's office, and five of us did it for you. There's no help to be had. Your mother seemed dazed. We've arranged for dinner and—We'll be going soon."

Her own friends, girls she'd known all her life. They were just going, they kept insisting, but meanwhile there was sherry.

Lisbeth went up the familiar stairs, and on the landing something stopped her. She stood very still, looking down. There'd been something frightening about the day. It was growing worse and worse. There was no turning away from it, and there was no closing her eyes to it.

Her mother's fretful face confronted her in the bedroom. "I didn't know what to do, how to stop them—"

"It was too late." "The girls worked hard. They meant well. How is Jimmy?" The last words were dragged from Mrs. Trainer.

"I don't know," Lisbeth's voice slowed and she stared at her own face in the mirror. "I don't know," she turned.

"What's the matter, dear?" "I don't know." It was harsh. She closed her eyes again, for this was an illusion. It had to be. Her mother didn't really look too plump, too comfortable, too untouched. That wasn't smugness that was under the faint fretfulness on her face.

Lisbeth moved her shoulders restively. She had had a trying day. There was the rest of the evening to be got through, somehow.

"You and Dad must have dinner with us," she planned hurriedly.

"We have had something to eat already," Mrs. Trainer said it with dignity and she moved stiffly on the stairs.

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The very first application of Nixoderm begins to clear away skin sores. Use Nixoderm at night, and you will soon see your skin becoming soft, smooth, and clear. Nixoderm is a new discovery that kills germs and parasites on the skin that cause Skin Sores, Pimples, Boils, Red Blisters, Eczema, Ringworm, and Scumtous. You can't get rid of your skin troubles until you remove the germs that hide in the tiny pores of your skin. So get Nixoderm from your chemist to-day under positive guarantee that Nixoderm will banish skin sores, clear your skin soft and smooth, or money back on return of empty package.

NIXODERM 2/- & 4/-
For Skin Sores, Pimples, and Itch.

Lisbeth moved among their guests, and a sudden and strange wish assailed her, letting her frightened eyes find Jimmy again. It was a wish that was alien to everything she had been building for months. It was that they would all go, leaving her alone with Jimmy.

They had to come close together again, and to talk, if only for a little while. There was something that had to be resolved, and dismissed.

"Well, Jimmy—" The last guest had departed, her parents had gone away rather reluctantly, and she could do nothing but stand uncertainly.

"Well, Lisbeth—" She tried to take a light tone. And then an honest wistfulness came into his voice. "Did someone say something about food?"

He had struck a natural note, and she was able to move. In the kitchen she lifted lids, and tantalizing smells escaped.

"A complete dinner," she called out, "and one of Betty Mason's finest."

"Splendid," he said absently. "You didn't even tell Betty we had parted brass-rags, did you?" He'd come to the doorway and he was looking in at her. It was that same look, the one she couldn't quite define.

"I didn't even tell my dear friends of the bridge table, obviously."

She worked swiftly, frowning, and Jimmy helped. There was something sweet and long remembered about getting a dinner to the table with Jimmy's help.

"What you want," she reminded herself carefully, "is to skate over the surface of things, and then go home, and get it over and done with."

But she went on remembering, and remembering too much. She stood motionless and silent for long moments.

Jimmy's voice was a shock at the table, going on in the same friendly fashion as before.

"We were always going to do things to this place," he studied it. "It had possibilities—just that what we used to say? Weren't we going to have an extra window put in the dining-room? And hadn't we decided that the banisters were too fat?"

They were two strangers, making talk. It was friendly enough talk, though—and allowed Jimmy to choose his own time.

The candles burned down, and the food was delicious, and Jimmy filled wineglasses with his good hand quite steady.

DETERMINEDLY, Lisbeth began light conversation. "Lots of cooks can prepare a wonderful dinner that's going to be eaten straight away, but—"

"Let's stop chattering," Jimmy pushed a bowl of flowers abruptly, aside and stood up. "What about you, Lisbeth? What have you been doing?" His voice had changed.

"There's nothing new about me," she thought back slowly. "Nothing has happened."

"Wait, Lisbeth—" This was a new game. Jimmy had never used this tone of voice with her before. His eyes held hers. "September the third, nineteen-thirty-nine to now—and you say nothing has happened?"

"You asked about me. Everything's the same. Nothing's changed."

"Nothing? Nothing at all?" His voice roughened. "September the third, nineteen-thirty-nine till—What do you think about? What do you feel? What do you do?" His eyes raked her face, and they demanded something, savagely.

"I go to work, and come home."

"You go to your ornamental little job in an office." Now his voice cut. "You come home, and your father and mother wrap you up in—in cotton-wool, saying, 'You're tired, darling. You're wet through.'"

"You make it sound very safe, Jimmy," Lisbeth said. "Never, never would she have enough of looking at his face. Mother and Dad shut the war out, she went on, her eyes searching the thin, tired face. "They shut it off the wireless. It's as though they were afraid—"

"Afraid," he said violently. "But you? You belong to this generation. Don't you see that your world's in a state of upheaval? Don't you see that things you hide from may roll over you and crush you? Don't you?"

"I—"

"Never mind," he ended wearily. He moved to blow the candles out and to switch on the lights, and it was as though he had, by his quick movements, shut all shadow and illusion out of the room. In the blaze of light Jimmy stood at the hearth, apart from her. His words were barely audible, and his face looked strained.

"I'll push off now Lisbeth. Are your father and mother calling for you?"

She got slowly to her feet, and stood frozen there while he shrugged his way into his coat. It was awkward going with the disabled arm.

"Where—" Her throat was dry and her voice queer. "Where are you going?"

Please turn to page 36



LINCOLN MILLS
Dependable
KNITTING WOOLS

MAKE KNITTING A PLEASURE

L5



THIS IS THE STUFF TO RELIEVE

INDIGESTION

"I suffered with indigestion four months ago. I was bent double with pain and I was afraid to eat or drink. I bought a tin of De Witt's Antacid Powder and took four doses. I can tell you there is nothing better in this world for indigestion. Since I took De Witt's Antacid Powder I have eaten anything, even pastry. I have recommended De Witt's Antacid Powder to other people because I am very thankful for the benefit received." Mr. H. L.

That letter makes you realize De Witt's Antacid Powder is indeed the stuff to relieve digestive troubles. In many cases one dose puts paid to after-meal pains, and never again will you be afraid to eat just what you fancy.

De Witt's Antacid Powder gives quick relief because it neutralizes excess acid, the cause of stomach pains. It soothes and protects the stomach lining. Finally, it helps to digest your food. Thousands say there is "nothing better in the world for indigestion." Prove this for yourself.

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DeWitt's
ANTACID POWDER

For Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence and Gastritis. Obtainable from all chemists in large sky-blue canisters, price 2/6.



DR. CLAY'S WIFE

WHEN DR. KATHERINE PRESCOTT receives an important appointment at the Evans Memorial Hospital, she is eagerly excited, not so much at her success as at the prospect of again meeting DR. DAVID CLAY, friend of her student days, with whom she is secretly in love. But she learns from DR. TOM ANDREWS, another friend of student days, and DR. JANE LESTER that David is infatuated with EUNICE WILLIAMS, and is neglecting his research work on Addison's disease to dance attendance on her.

Katherine goes to the hospital staff ball with Tom, inwardly bitterly hurt to know that David is attending another function with Eunice. Surprisingly, however, David turns up, tells her that he is going into the Army in a week, and begs her to marry him at once. Despite Tom's efforts to dissuade her, Katherine agrees.

With Jane and Tom as witnesses, Katherine and David are married that night at a little country parsonage.

Now read on—

THERE was a young clergyman and his very tired-looking wife; and somewhere on the staircase there was an occasional movement among a heterogeneous collection of dressing-gowns and rugs as the parsonage children, wide-eyed and barefoot, leaned over the banister.

It was a plain little room, full of furniture that was old and worn, and the clergyman's hastily donned surplice was somewhat askew, but Katherine thought it the most beautiful room she ever had seen in all her life. There were Jane and Tom standing quietly beside them. She was sorry about that, so sorry. But there was David.

She turned to him, and they were alone in the room, all the rest forgotten. David was saying—looking down at her gravely and saying slowly:

"I, David, take thee, Katherine . . . And then she was saying it, almost in a whisper and unsteadily:

"I, Katherine, take thee, David . . . It was over.

David, grave and a little white, smiled down at her. He kissed her gently.

There was a silence and Tom broke it by saying gruffly, "Well, I suppose I come next!" He touched his lips to her cheek, briefly.

Jane did not kiss her, but her arm went round Katherine's shoulders hard. "You know what I'd like to say," she said.

Tom pressed something into the clergyman's hand, and David, just as they were leaving, ran up the stairs and left a coin in the hand of each astonished youngster.

They were outside and Tom was bundling Jane into his car. "Get on, you two! Jane and I are going to paint the town a pale pink for ourselves. We know when we are—if I may be so elegant—de trop! Night. And bless you." They were off before David could stop them.

He put Kay into his car, then went round and got in behind the wheel. "I thought we'd invite them to the wedding supper if we have one, but I think that's off. Tom's what I call a pal. He thought we'd want to be alone."

He did not attempt to touch her again, and for an instant she felt lost and little and strange.

"Don't we?" Somewhere inside her the question was asked.

Then David turned and laughed and everything was all right again.

"You know, I think I'm embarrassed! I never gave a thought to where we'd go to-night—it took so long to wrangle that licence. Do you mind a hotel? They wouldn't let me take you to my rooms at the club, I'm afraid. No women allowed."

"At least you aren't used to carting a wife about!"

He raised his hand. "First and only. How about the hotel? We can pick up our things on the way."

She nodded. "Or, David, why not come to 153? I took a house on the Circle this afternoon—the Wadsworths' house. It's all there. Nice, too."

"No." He shook his head. "Not

unless you like it well enough to keep it—for us to keep it, I mean." Then he added firmly, "And I pay the rent."

Katherine was suddenly reminded that he could be very stubborn when he wanted to be. "I'll get a student to bring over my things, if—"

"All right," she said, understanding his masculine pride and liking it. "It's a sweet little house and we rent it only from month to month. Ninety dollars and the place is yours. I'll throw in the larder and the steaks. The linen and the blankets I bought to-day are all the dowry I have. You won't grudge me them, will you?"

He leaned over and kissed her swiftly, then fished a notecase from his pocket. Solemnly he counted out a hundred dollars. "The extra ten's for the steak. There! Now show me where I take my bride!"

They went to the plain little house and David picked her up and carried her over the threshold.

"We must do it in style," he insisted.

They sat in the chair by the fire for a long time. Later David got in her way in the kitchen while she cooked the steaks which they unromantically ate to the last scrap.

"I love you, what good steaks you cook! I never thought to ask if you could cook."

"I love you, what a good appetite you have! So dashingly romantic!"

"You wouldn't like me anaemic, I hope. And I don't notice anything left on your own plate, my sweet!"

They went up the stairs together, his arm thrown carelessly over her shoulder as though it were the most natural thing in the world. In their room, however, he stood looking down at her. Again he did not touch her, and for a fleeting instant she was startled at the seriousness in his face.

"I—I hope I didn't rush you into this, Kay, before you had time to think about it?" he said, as though a question had raised itself in his mind unbidden.

"After all, I'm free, white, and twenty-one."

"You're white and twenty-one," he said. "You're not free."

Then he added so gravely that she flushed under his gaze: "I will be good to you, you know." It did not sound either trite or funny as he said it. It was as though he made a promise to himself.

Next morning David asked, "Where would you like to spend your honeymoon, Mrs. Doctor Clay, as the orderlies will persist in calling you. Or will they make you Mrs. Doctor—Doctor Clay, do you suppose? There's a cottage out on the

lake shore Owen will let us have. Think you'd like that?"

"I'm afraid," Kay said, "I'm very much afraid that I'll like it anywhere that you are, Dr. Clay."

She spoke lightly because already she knew that she did not dare really to look at her feeling for David. This had all been so quick, such a sudden change from the numbness of yesterday. Now it was all here—too warm, too sudden and overwhelming for a quiet consideration, an easy acceptance.

They went to Owen's cottage on the lake shore. It was very tiny, but fortified against cold weather and could be used the whole year round. It was fronted by a stretch of white sand, and Lake Erie lay breathing and moving uneasily beyond.

They ate on the sheltered verandah and slept in the small bedroom. The weather was kind to them. They swam and lay on the warm sand for hours at a time. They were happy. Their defences were down, for they had no need of defence. They talked of everything. Almost everything. They did not want to talk very much about David's going away.

They spoke of it again near the end of the week. David was lying on his back, looking up into a blue sky feathered here and there by clouds. He said slowly: "It's hard to believe that a world like this is

filled with such inept people. Men and women can't even live their own lives."

"But—what can one do?"

"One can't just sit and be inept, too," he said. "You've got to try. Even if the trying doesn't get you very far. You can't not try."

"No," she agreed slowly. "You can't not try." But it was going to be hard, David going away. A lot more difficult than it would have been last week.

"Let's not think of it. We've got another twenty-four hours."

But all too soon the twenty-four hours were gone. Finally they were packing to go back.

"I hate to pack," Kay folded a pair of slacks reluctantly. It was too much like the beginning of the end. To-night at the house of the Circle. To-morrow for David to wind up his affairs and leave instructions for the Addison cases. To-morrow night the train to Port Niagara and David on the train.

He nodded, guessing her thoughts in the way he had. "We'll come back," he said. "I'll have some week-ends, you know. The cottage won't be let again this winter, and it will be ready for us any time." He

was reassuring her. "This isn't the end," he was saying. "Here, let me shut that for you."

But it was, after all, the end.

On the way into town they stopped at the Orchard Gardens for dinner. It was at the edge of town, an old farmhouse, remodelled and enlarged, that was set well back from the road in the midst of old fruit trees long past their prime but still offering thick shade to the smart young people who made it a popular rendezvous. It looked simple, but it was not. All its old furnishings were chosen with care and with exquisite taste. It was quite the thing to drop in at the Orchard for cocktails or dinner.

Fortunately, however, they were early and had the dining-room and lounge to themselves, except for one lone and exceedingly morose young man who was drinking too much at a table at the other end of the dining-room.

As they passed him his hand described an uncertain arc through the air in greeting. David acknowledged it curtly.

"Hallo, Freddy."

He said, not stopping. "This way, Kay. There's a table overlooking the garden by this alcove."

They took the table. David ordered. "Who's he?" Katherine asked curiously. "Seems to me I've seen him before." There certainly was something familiar about the scowling young man.

"That's Freddy Dalton. You've probably seen him about the hospital."

"Oh, of course, he was in the hospital. At the lift with Eunice Williams." It was the first time that name had been mentioned, and Kay did it easily and without any thought at all. The instant she had done so she regretted it. Immediately a whole world of something lay beneath their conversation and she did not know what it was.

"Yes," David said, "Eunice has been stringing Freddy along since they were both in rompers."

There was no real inflection in his tone. Kay suddenly wished there had been. It would have been natural for David to be half scornful, as though it were not important. Or half amused. But to speak in such a deliberately repressed fashion, with no feeling at all, puzzled her.

"I'm not going to listen to any more of this," David said, rising abruptly.

Not only puzzled her but instilled in her a vague alarm.

She did not pursue the subject. She looked at David just once, then picked up a soup spoon. During the past week David had changed. The worn and tired look, the grimace which she had noticed in him had gone, apparently with permanence. Now, however, all of it had returned.

Why? What had happened in the short space of time since they had come into the room? She answered herself.

Nothing had happened. They had walked into the room. An inebriated young man had waved an uncertain hand at David in unhappy camaraderie. She had asked who he was. Then Eunice Williams' name had been mentioned for the first time since their marriage. And now David was no longer as he had been when they first had entered. Nothing had happened. Or everything had happened. Which?

She leaned forward. She looked into David's face and she knew she did not need to hesitate. "David," she began, "is

But she was destined never to finish that sentence. Freddy Dalton got unsteadily to his feet and with great precision made his way to their table.

"Lo, Davey, ole boy, ole boy," he said thickly. "Congratulations, ole kid! Been meanin' 't congratulate you ever since thash night at the club." He appeared to see Kay for the first time, and drew himself up and bowed in exaggerated carefulness to her. "Lo, lil' girl." He leaned a heavy hand on David's shoulder.

"Freddy . . . No, no, don't get up . . . don't get up. Stout fella, this ole Davey," he continued. "Know what he did? Tole Eunice whers 't get off. Davey did, tole lil' ole Eunice . . ."

"Look here, Freddy, suppose you and I go out and get some air!" David tried to make his tone amused but placatingly helpful. But with the persistence of the very drunk, Freddy continued: "Stout fella, thash what our Davey is. Know whash he did? Eunice tells him she won't announce their engagement—thash whash the party's all about—less ole Davey promises 't forget about thash ole Army business. Says she'll marry Freddy instead, thash me."

Please turn to page 36





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PROCEDURE FOR PIGEONS

**Humorous
short story**

By Australian author
ALLAN FRY

EXCUSE me, sir," said the adjutant, as he passed the slip of paper for the C.O.'s perusal. "I'd like to know what action to take with this."

"What the devil is it now, Jenkins?" rapped the colonel, irascibly, as he took the message and scanned it.

"Simple movement order, that's all," he went on. "Can't you read? Corporal Katz, G.S., with fifty pigeons will move from Victoria to Queensland by air forthwith. Tentage—scale H. Surely you can cope with that Jenkins without worrying me?"

"Well, sir, what I'd like to know is—has a mistake been made? Do the pigeons travel by air in their normal manner, and does Corporal Katz move by troop train? He's only an N.C.O., you know, sir. Can't travel by air except on the highest authority."

"Don't be a fool altogether, Jenkins," snarled the C.O. "You don't imagine that the corporal is to ride on the backs of the pigeons, do you?"

"No, sir. They couldn't carry him. Not unless they formed a tight phalanx, or whatever it is. Even then I doubt whether fifty . . . and then there's the tentage, sir. Do pigeons require tents? If so, how many to a tent?"

The colonel was becoming a little annoyed. He was also becoming a little confused at the order himself now that he came to consider the matter. He decided to withdraw tactfully before he became embroiled too deeply.

"Captain Jenkins," he said quietly, and with what he hoped was dignity, "I am the commanding officer. You are the adjutant, and, as such, are in charge of administration. The movement order is clear enough. You deal with it. I've got to go over to—er—the—platoon office. If you're in doubt, give Movements a ring; they'll put you right."

Jenkins took the movement order and went out. He was feeling very worried. A thousand men passed through the camp every day, going on and returning from leave. Moving them was a cinch compared to this.

Tentage for the birds would have to be worked out first. Now, who—ah, the quartermaster. He was the man who knew all about issues and entitlements. Jenkins picked up the phone and gave the number.

"Q Store," said a slow, cautious voice at the other end.

"Tents . . ." commenced Jenkins. "Haven't got any," said the cautious voice.

"Is that the Q.M.? I want to find out about some tents for—pigeons." The adjutant realised just how ridiculous his inquiry sounded.

"Corporal Smart here," said the voice. "No tents, no shirts, no socks, no toothbrushes. That's what the Q.M. said to anyone who wanted . . ."

"Listen, you fool," Jenkins bellowed into the phone, "Jenkins here. Get me the Q.M. immediately. Look sharp about it."

"Yesir, all right," gasped the slow voice of Corporal Smart. "Sorry, sir. We have got some toothbrushes, I think. If you want one . . ."

"Get me the Q.M.," Jenkins shrieked. "You numbskull . . ."

"Disher here," came a heavy voice.



"Who're you calling a numbskull? I'll have you know . . ."

"Thank goodness," breathed the relieved adjutant. "Now, listen, old man, Jenkins here. I've got to move some pigeons, yes, pigeons. They've got to have tents. What's the scale of issue?"

"Listen, Jenkins. Are you having me on? Did you say pigeons?" The ponderous voice of the Q.M. sounded both suspicious and hostile.

"Pigeons, small birds akin to doves, noted for their homing propensities," breathed Jenkins wearily. "And they sleep in tents, apparently," he added.

"Well, all right, then. I'll make inquiries and ring you back, but if you're having me on . . ." The Q.M.'s tone was definitely menacing.

"It's quite in order, I assure you," placated Jenkins. "I want enough for fifty birds. As quickly as possible. I'll leave it to you—shall I?"

Captain Jenkins was a little rattled, and he thought it might benefit his confused brain if he took a short stroll round the camp.

He returned to his office in the end of the long but in time to see a soldier just leaving.

"What are you after?" Jenkins called after him.

"Those things you rang up about, sir. The Q.M. sent them over. I put them on your table," answered the runner as he withdrew.

Jenkins slowly pushed open the door of his office. He half expected to find the tiny room crammed to the roof with tents. Instead he found some queer packets on his table. Puzzled, he opened one and withdrew the contents. He picked up one of the articles revealed and studied it. It looked like one of those paper boats that children make to float down rain-flooded gutters after school.

Still mystified, he picked up the consignment note and read: "Troughs, water, pigeon, miniature—30." Attached to the note was a message from the Q.M.: "Sorry. No tents issuable to pigeons, so I sent these instead."

The adjutant groaned. He felt that the whole mighty organisation of the Army was conspiring to break his spirit. He would have to get help on this matter. It was beyond him.

Again he picked up the phone. "Movements," he said in a limp voice. "Oh, is that Movements? Jenkins. Transit Camp, here. About this move of Katz with pigeons . . ."

"I wouldn't advise it, sir," said a voice. "Cats are particularly par-

tial to pigeons. I'll put you on to Sergeant Jones, sir. He'll fix you up . . ."

Jenkins waited through two minutes of vicious and piercing brrings and buzzes before another voice, loud and confident, announced, "Jones?"

"I've got some pigeons," began Jenkins. "You sent me a movement order to send Katz G.S. and fifty pigeons to Queensland . . ."

"Cats, General Service, oh, yes, sir. I can tell you all about them," cut in the confident tones of Sergeant Jones. "They are a special issue for the purpose of keeping down rats in static establishments . . ."

"This is a Corporal Katz. His initials are G. S.," snarled Jenkins. "You people sent me a movement order . . ."

"Oh, I see, sir. You want Warrant Officer Bailey. He's in charge of animal hirings. I'll put him on."

Jenkins' ears burned as he heard Sergeant Jones' voice bellow, "Hey! Sar-major, some drip here wants to move some cats up North. Will you fix him?"

"Hello," came a brusque voice. "What is it you want? We haven't got all day . . . Captain Jenkins? . . . Oh, yes, sir. I'm sorry, sir. Cats and pigeons you say? Well, I don't really know . . ."

JENKINS changed the receiver to his other hand, and took a deep breath. His neck was becoming stiff from leaning forward over the mouthpiece.

"Now, listen here, Sar-major," he pleaded, feeling by this time that whirling pigeons were all round him. "I'm getting desperate. I've got to—just a minute—I'll get the screen—are you there?—Your XC/34HJ/44LX instructs me to move Corporal Katz, G. S., with fifty pigeons to Queensland by air forthwith—tentage scale H. Now what I want to know is who, or what, or do both go by air and what is tentage scale H for pigeons?"

"I'm afraid I don't know, sir," said Sar-major Bailey.

"Well, what am I going to do about it? Is there anyone there who does know?"

"I don't know, sir. Who signed the order?"

"Signed? Oh, yes, it appears to have been signed by somebody called X.Q. Hieroglyphic-Capt. Who would that be?"

"Any one of twenty I'm afraid, sir." The sar-major's voice had a definite note of sympathy as he continued, "Listen, sir, why don't you send the N.C.O. by rail and let the pigeons fly under their own steam?"

"Eh? I don't get it . . . Oh, no, no, quite impossible. The birds will get

"I'm getting desperate," Jenkins pleaded, feeling as though pigeons were whirling all round him.

there before the corporal. If I send Katz by air and the birds by train then he'll have to hang round for days waiting for the pigeons."

"Well, why not send the whole party by rail?" suggested the sar-major, who appeared to be getting interested in the problem himself.

"I can't do that. The order states expressly—'By air.'"

"Look, sir. Hang on, and I'll get Major Driver. He'll know the correct procedure. Will you hang on?"

"I am," said Jenkins, weakly.

"Driver heah," came a new voice over the wire, a voice refreshing in its violence. "What's the trouble?"

"I've got to move some pigeons . . ." began Jenkins again.

"Yes, yes, I know all about that." Jenkins' spirits rose as he heard the major's brisk tones continue. "Corporal Katz, G. S., to take fifty pigeons to Queensland by air. Hasn't he gone yet? What's the hold-up?"

"Well, sir, it's this term, 'by air' and 'tentage'! I can't make it out."

"Simple as ABC, man. Move by air. Send the man to Essendon. Passage booked for him and the birds. Tentage scale H which is one tent to ten men which means he doesn't get one. That clear?"

"Thanks," said Jenkins, and fell

back in his chair exhausted. The whole drill was now simple. All that remained was to get the corporal and his birds away . . .

From the door of his office the adjutant watched anxiously as he saw the crates being loaded on to the truck. As the lanky corporal climbed aboard and the truck moved off he breathed a sigh of relief. A great load had fallen from his mind.

He re-entered the office and fell contentedly into his chair. Thank goodness that's over, he thought. Give me human bodies to move any time . . . "Come in," he called, as a knock came at the door.

"Morning, sir," said the slow, cautious voice of Corporal Smart. "I've got a man outside, sir, with fifty pounds of peas, pigeon, spherical, extra hard. The Q.M. said you'd want to feed the birds . . ."

Then Captain Jenkins got his most sensible thought for the day. "Take them over to Movements, Corporal," he said. "They'll know what to do with them."

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"The idea was that when these tools were plunged into moist earth

CHEST



old age, you understand, and he wanted her to have a rich dowry. So he told her where it lay—under the only thicket of Javanese bamboo on Snark Island."

"But how, without help, could she get it?"

"She didn't want it," Horn said. "Don't forget she'd been schooled in a convent. To Suzanne, a good Catholic, that pirate loot was un-touchable. Li Chang's connection with it shocked and shamed her."

"I can understand that, Captain."

"At the same time—she wanted to make amends. As nearly as she could, she wanted to right the crimes of Li Chang." A note of reverence came into Horn's voice. He spoke softly, not facing me, as though he had forgotten his impudently curious audience and was reviewing in reverie something which had cut close to his own life. Clearly it had touched his life; else how could the chest be in his cabin?

"So what," I made bold to prompt. "did this Christian grandchild of a Chinese pirate decide to do about it?"

"She decided," Horn answered. "that all of it must go to church and charity—half toward the establishment of Catholic missions in Polynesia, and half to refugees of her grandfather's race in China. She knew about the war now going on there; that millions are starving in Shanghai and Hongkong. Charity to the poor of his own country, she thought, would erase the shame from Li Chang's past. And because much of this treasure had been looted from temples, she would divert half of it toward South Sea missions."

"But the British might confiscate this pirate loot," I suggested. "if she brought it to light."

"Suzanne felt sure they'd do just that," Horn admitted. "if she tried taking the chest off Snark Island. But if she turned it directly over to a priest there, no questions would be asked. As church property, it wouldn't be subject to tax or confiscation. So she went to her own priest at Papeete and got a letter of introduction to the priest at Ono Cove."

"And then," said Horn, "she booked passage on this very ship. I was at anchor at Papeete and due to deliver a cargo of roofing iron in the Solomons. My port was Kieta, to the leeward of Snark Island. But because mine was the first boat going that way, Suzanne came to ask about passage."

"You agreed to stop at Ono Cove on the way to Kieta?"

"No. I said I'd have to drop off the Kieta cargo first. Then I could shift course a few points and land her at Snark Island."

"Did she tell you her errand?"

"Only that she had business with a priest there. Then, just as I was showing her to the best of my two cabins, two more passengers popped over the side, wanting passage to Ono Cove."

"Hibbs and Coy?"

"None else. And right away I began smelling things. One passenger to an out-of-the-way corner

like Ono was queer enough; but three of them, all at the same time, kind of bowled me over. It looked as if these lubbers were tagging along after a good-looking girl. But I couldn't prove it. So I booked them. The two-thousand-mile cruise took eight days."

"Trouble?"

"Two licks of it. Only, I didn't know about one of 'em till later. The other time was when Hutch Coy got fresh. He was polite to Suzanne, generally; he called her 'Ma'm'selle.' Sat next to her at the table. Held the chair for her, and all that. Kept himself shaved and in whites, with a waxy smile on his face. I could see he was making a dead set, and was on the boat only because Suzanne was. And she didn't like it. Still, there was no chance to make him pipe down until one night he got liquored. He started a phonograph and then wanted her to dance with him on deck. When she wouldn't, he grabbed her arm."

"Why won't you come and dance?" I heard him asking her roughly as I came aft from the bridge.

Horn didn't explain just what punitive measures he expended. But I saw his fist clench and fierceness gleam in his eyes. I smiled.

"Hutch Coy was sick rest of the way to Kieta," he said.

"Sick with a broken head," I guessed. "What about Hibbs?"

"He kept pretty much to himself. A ratty little swab, Hibbs, in dirty dungarees most of the time, and with the looks of a mangy monkey. But he didn't seem to pay any attention to Suzanne. That was what fooled us. One night when the rest of us were at mess, Hibbs got in this other lick of trouble."

"Which was?"

"I'll come to it later. We made Kieta on schedule, and I dropped the hook there to unload cargo. When Coy took his duffel and went ashore I wasn't much surprised. It looked as though he realized he wasn't getting anywhere with Suzanne, so was just taking himself off at the first port. Hibbs, stringing along with him, got off, too. I could tell Suzanne was mightily relieved to be rid of them."

"Had she told you any more of her errand?"

"Not a whisper—although we were pretty chummy by that time. We'd done a lot of reading together, under the aft deck awning." Horn glanced up at the books along his cabin walls. "Usually I read aloud to her."

"But she was a bit of brightness about the ship," Horn went on. "and I hated to see the time come when we'd have to drop her off at Ono Cove. We weren't more'n a hundred miles from Ono, you understand, only we had to stay three days at Kieta to unload that roofing-iron."

"At daybreak of the fourth day we upped anchor for Snark Island. Raised it about sundown. I didn't have any business there, so I told



Suzanne I'd take her ashore in the gig, then come back and head out through the reef for Suva.

"She looked ashore and seemed a bit frightened. A thatched village, a dozen ramshackle shacks and trading shops, a pub or two, and back of this a steep, dark bush. It wasn't like her own Papeete, with its parks and bright roofs. This place, she saw now, was just a scraggly little backwash. The natives in sight were black Malays."

"The only thing to reassure Suzanne was a Roman Catholic mission, well down the beach, with a gilt cross on it. 'There,' she said to me, 'is where I'll find Father Michael.'"

"Yes, miss," I said, "you'll find at least one good man there." And Suzanne said: "My business will not take long, Monsieur Captain. Perhaps by to-morrow it is finished."

"And then?" I asked her.

"She said she'd be ready, then, to go home. I thought fast. It rubbed the wrong way to leave her on Snark Island. 'Maybe I can pick up a bit

"Why won't you come and dance?" the captain heard Coy asking Suzanne roughly.

of cargo here for Suva, miss," I said. "Anyway, I'll lay over till to-morrow, to see about it. If you're ready to go by then, I can take you to Suva. From there you can catch the French line to Papeete."

"She was a lot relieved, and thanked me. So we left her bags, on the ship, got in the gig, and I rowed her ashore. On the beach, I offered to take her to the mission. But she said she'd rather see Father Michael alone. She had a letter in hand. 'It's from the priest in Papeete,' she said."

"So I watched her walk downshore to the mission. When she disappeared in there I began making the rounds of traders at the other end of the beach. They were a hard lot, most of them. But I found one rather decent chap. I asked him about Father Michael. 'Salt of the earth, Father Michael,' the manager said. 'Is he at home now?' I asked. 'He's always at home,' the man said, 'and ready to help all comers.' So I

knew Suzanne wouldn't be delayed waiting."

Horn made a self-abusing grimace. "Someone should have kicked me, Sullivan, for not going there with her."

I was puzzled. "But if Father Michael was the salt of the earth, and at home, how could she get into any trouble?"

"You'll see soon enough," Horn answered bitterly. "She went into the mission study and found what seemed to be Father Michael at his devotions. He wore Father Michael's priestly gown and sacraments, and white stiff collar, had a bald tonsure and a benevolent smile. It was dusk, and the study was in gloom. How could she know that Father Michael lay gagged in the vestry?"

"You mean," I gasped, "that she was facing Hutch Coy?"

Please turn to page 26

SISTER LOVE...AND HATE



1 AMBITIOUS Helen (Ida Lupino) persuades Albert (Jack Carson) and Paul (Dennis Morgan) to give her sister Katherine a job in their vaudeville show.



2 THINKING Albert may be able to assist Katherine (Joan Leslie), Helen encourages the young couple to marry.

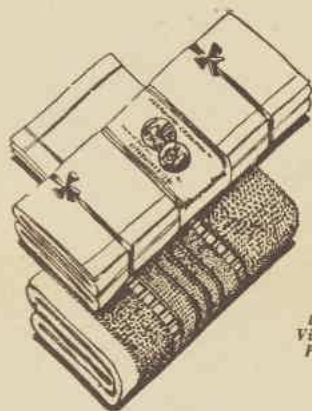
THE HARD WAY

WARNER'S drama "The Hard Way" is a dream-come-true film for the four stars. Ida Lupino, who has looked like a Cinderella in her recent pictures, has 28 costume changes. Joan Leslie, still a schoolgirl, has a grown-up role and two marriages. Comedian Jack Carson plays a straight dramatic role, and singer Dennis Morgan gets an opportunity to use his voice.



3 AFTER meeting producer Shargrue (Paul Cavanagh), Helen forces Albert to refuse an offer in order to have Shargrue look at their act. As Helen hoped, the producer offers Katherine a job, but not Albert, and the newly-weds are separated.

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REMEMBER IT! IT WILL BE BACK WHEN PEACE COMES.



4 STILL in love with Katherine, Albert begs her to return, but under Helen's influence she refuses.



5 DISILLUSIONED, and out of work, Albert returns to his flat and commits suicide, and is found by Paul.



6 KATHERINE is heart-broken, but in spite of Paul's protests Helen forces the girl to take part in a stage-play. The premiere of the show, however, is a failure.



7 PAUL, now popular band leader at beach resort, asks Katherine to marry him, and after a quarrel with Helen they go away together, leaving her scheming sister alone.

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REPRESENTATIVES FOR AUSTRALIA: FRED C. JAMES & GEO. H. ANDERSON, BOX 1423, G.P.O. SYDNEY.



Movie World

• JOAN FONTAINE had been playing unimportant ingenue roles for several years until "Rebecca" established her as a great dramatic actress, and the following year she won the coveted Academy Award for her performance in "Suspicion."

Joan works three full days a week as a Nurses' Aid, and between films she tours all over America selling War Bonds. You will see her soon in Paramount's "Frenchman's Creek," playing opposite the new romantic screen discovery, Arturo de Cordoba.

Candid Camera around HOLLYWOOD

HERE are some of your favorite film stars photographed at work and at play . . . on the studio sets, entertaining the men of the fighting Services, relaxing at home, or spending a precious hour or two with their children.



• Newcomer to Hollywood is Barbara Ellen, baby daughter of Jean Rogers and actors' agent Danay Winkler. Jean plans to return to the screen when the baby is a little older.



• Attractive June Allyson and Virginia Bruce admire Susan Peters' new ring, a gift from husband, Coast Guardsman Richard Quine.



• Recently returned from an overseas tour, Humphrey Bogart and wife, Mayo Methol, spend a quiet afternoon at their home in Beverly Hills.

• Australian stars in Hollywood, Alan Marshall and Ann Richards, check up on home-town news from The Australian Women's Weekly.



• To celebrate the successful transport of more than sixty thousand fighting men overseas, without a single casualty, the officers and crew of the U.S.S. Lucky entertained a group of Hollywood celebrities. One of the most popular guests was Spencer Tracy, who signed autographs for a group of the boys.



• Paul Henreid and glamorous Hedy Lamarr, co-stars of Warners' "Give Me This Woman," look at microfilm which is being used for the first time to rush production photographs to Europe.



• Greer Garson, looking lovely as the brave "Mrs. Parkington," looks over the sketches of her costumes with MGM's designer, Irene. Greer is wearing a smart suit of the 1870 period.



• Sir Nigel Bruce with his younger daughter, Jennifer, and a house guest from the Canadian Women's Army. Jennifer recently married U.S. Navy flier Jay Gould.



• Carol Ann, adopted daughter of Wallace Beery, interrupts her father's nap while holidaying with him at his ranch in San Fernando Valley.



• Susanna Foster, lovely young screen singer, is now a qualified nurses' aide, and spends all her spare time at the Los Angeles Hospital.



• Before starting work in MGM's "Anchors Aweigh," crooner Frank Sinatra and dancer Gene Kelly met for first time in producer Joe Pasternak's office to discuss their roles. Kathryn Grayson will be leading lady.



• A party was arranged by Abbott and Costello, stars of MGM's "Lost in a Harem," when Marilyn Maxwell and John Conte announced their engagement.



• Always a welcome visitor to the nursery, Robert Young spends his afternoon off with his daughters, Carole and Barbara. Their dolls have been collected from all over the world.



• Judy Garland and new leading man Tom Drake take time out to go over snaps taken during production of MGM's technicolor film "Meet Me in St. Louis," which deals with a typical American family.



• To save petrol, Norma Shearer has sold her big car, and uses this tiny new model to drive into town from her Santa Monica beach home. While her husband, Marty Arronge (former ski-ing instructor), is away in the Army Air Corps, Norma lives quietly with her two children, Irving and Kathleen.



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This container for penicillin provides another instance of the development of scientific glassware manufactured in Australia. It is a product of the same organisation which now gives to science its requirements of complex glass apparatus, glass equipment for blood banks and a multiplicity of essentials for research, medicine and surgery . . . all made possible by the technical and scientific resources which have given you Agee Pyrex.



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Assault on Morotai Island

First to open fire was Warramunga

Assault ships as they advanced for the Allied landing on Morotai Island were an impressive sight, and appeared to stretch for miles.

The landing is described by Leading Supply Assistant S. T. Whyte, on board H.M.A.S. Warramunga, in a letter to his parents at 19 Essex Street, Marrickville, N.S.W.

He writes:—

"WE took part in the Morotai Island landing. We were at sea a couple of days before we contacted the assault ships.

"First glance I got of them was early one morning. They seemed to stretch for miles and miles, so goodness only knows what the scene must have been like on the English Channel when the invasion fleet set off for France.

"We zig-zagged for a couple of days, then one morning about four we were awakened by the 'rattles' calling us to action-stations.

"The next couple of hours passed so slowly it seemed like years to me, and all sorts of weird things passed through my mind.

"Just as dawn broke I ambled out on the flag-deck to admire the scenery, and the outline of the island could just be seen ahead of us.

"We were leading the rest of the group in, and were first to open fire.

"After we'd had our share of the

party the big fellows stood off-shore and poured in round after round of fire.

"It was a marvellous sight to see. I'm certainly glad I wasn't on the receiving end of it.

"After they had finished, the old dive-bombers came into their own and finished off the party.

"The troops went ashore then, and we went back on patrol."

LAC T. A. Stevens, R.A.A.F. in New Guinea, to a friend, Mrs. E. Stevens, 299 Gaffney Street, Pascoe Vale, Vic.:

"I AM working in a sawmill on the edge of the jungle.

"We are cutting up some beautiful timber—mahogany, cedar, and walnut. I wish I could bring some home. It is being used for bridges.

"We have built a fighter strip, and are building a bomber strip now, and they are being put to good use.

"The Jap is being pushed well back. I have not seen many live ones, but plenty of dead ones, which you probably agree are the best ones.

"Most of the natives went into the mountains when the Jap was here. They are coming back now.

"The Japs treated them very cruelly, and they hate them."



NAVAL MEDICAL PERSONNEL. Sisters M. Jones (left) and C. Wilson, with Sick Bay Attendant J. ("Nobby") Clark at an advance naval hospital in N.G.

R.A.A.F. unit's eagle mascot



R.A.A.F. boys from South Australia, with the brass eagle mascot of their unit. The eagle went from Gawler, S.A., to Dutch New Guinea, where it was placed on a pedestal in the unit's recreation hut. It went with the unit to Townsville, and is now on its way home to Gawler. A brass plate has been attached to it in memory of a Gawler boy who lost his life in New Guinea. Shown with it are: Back Row (left to right): LAC Jackson, Cpl. Taylor, Sgt. Raven, Cpl. Hillier. Front Row: LAC Langberg, F/Sgt. Stevens, LAC Canfield, and Cpl. Maxwell. Photo sent by Mrs. J. E. Raven, Lowestoft Ness, Edwardstown, S.A.

F/Sgt. Jack Carr, R.A.A.F. in England, to his family at 53 Stafford Rd., Kedron, Qld.:

"TO-DAY one of our navigators in the same flight was married. We all rolled down to the church on our bikes.

"It was a very old, picturesque, English, country church, with the usual lawn, paths, trees, and graveyard.

"As the bride was an English W.A.A.F., one side of the church was full of Aussies and the other with the R.A.F.

"Our crew was well represented; our bomb-aimer gave the bride away and our navigator played the organ.

"They had a little R.A.F. van to take them back to camp; so in the usual mad Aussie manner the boys planked a 'Just Married' sign on it, and, under an escort of a multitude of bikes, they drove back to camp.

"The breakfast was to be held later in the neighboring town.

"It seemed strange that neither bride nor groom had relations or parents there, but I guess this is war."

Sgt. M. Trundle, R.A.A.F., Pacific, to his mother, Mrs. F. Frith, 15 Murdoch St., Cremorne, N.S.W.:

"WE arrived at our destination, a small coral island in the most forward area, just off the coast of Dutch New Guinea.

"Just before we disembarked we witnessed a really remarkable sight—numbers of paratroops being



QUEENSLAND TRIO. Sapper A. Leavesby, Dalby; Sapper E. Kummer, Cooyar, and Sapper Vansleeve, Longreach; after a swim in New Guinea. Photo sent by Mrs. Leavesby, Trahlee Flats, Eileen Street, Dalby, Qld.

dropped from the air with their supplies.

"This will always live in my memory.

"Our turn came next, and was quite a 'shelly' business. We were transferred to barges, which bucked and jumped about in the surf and were awkward to board. I distinguished myself by falling into the barge. Luckily was not injured.

"We waded ashore in water waist deep, each of us heavily laden.

"All this in pouring rain and amid loud explosions as the coral was blasted.

"The beach where we landed had been in enemy hands only two days previously, and within a very short distance of us the artillery was still bombarding the Japs out of their foxholes.

"After a couple of hours we managed to get transport to our present site, along muddy roads which had to be seen to be believed.

"We then had to erect our tents, which we just completed before nightfall. No sooner was this done than the guns opened up all round.

"This, plus a couple of air-raid alarms, gave us quite a good (?) night.

"Next night brought forth the guns again and further air-raid alarms."

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen.

For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For briefer extracts 10/- or 5/- is paid.



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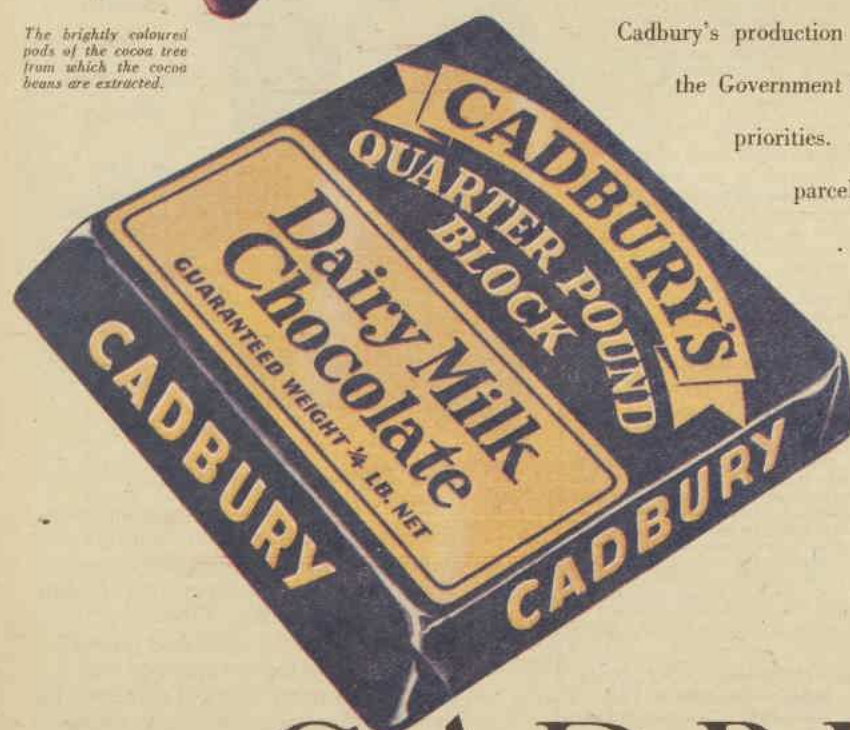
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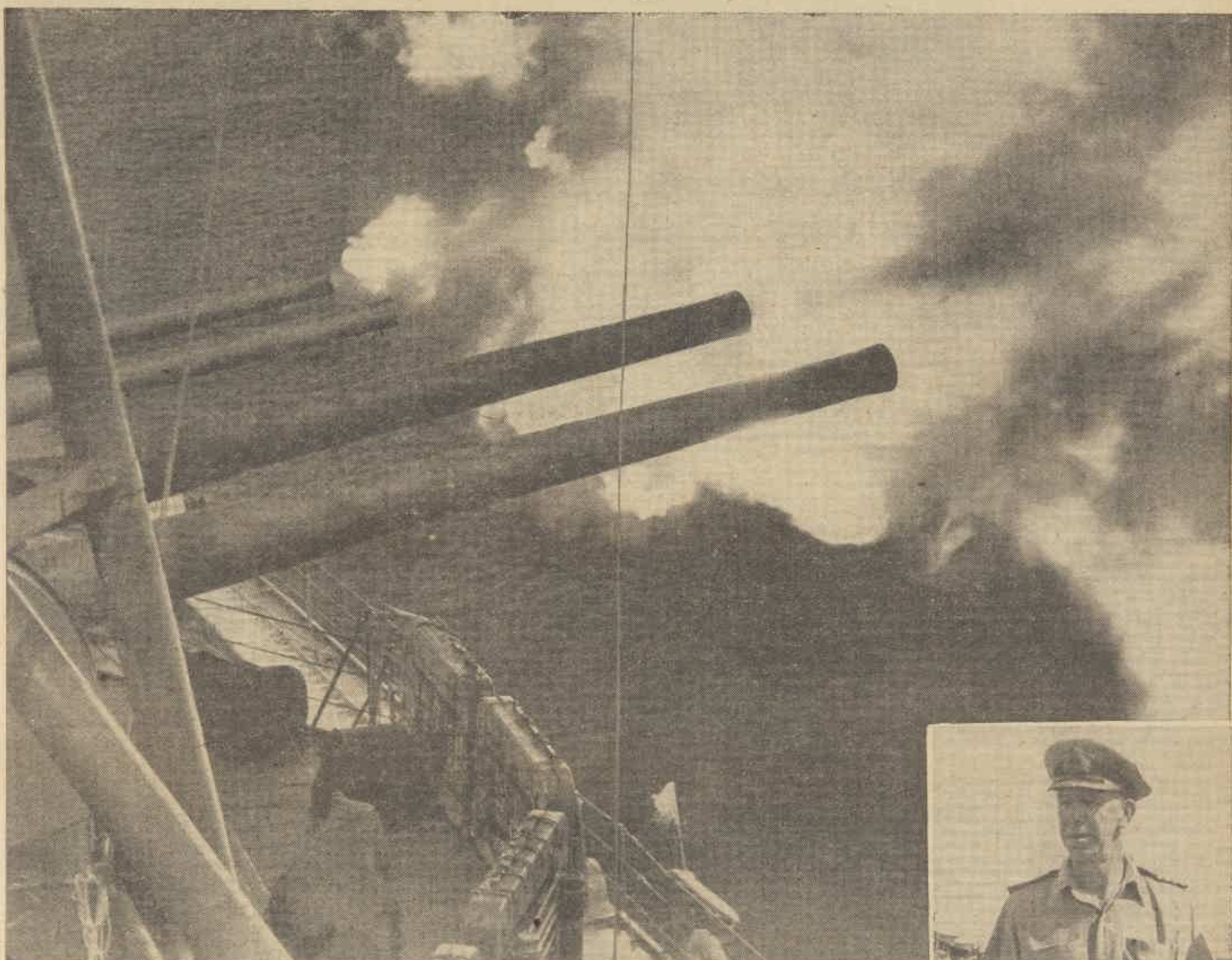


. . . for use in remote Army Camps, Air Force Stations, and Naval Depots. Still, occasionally you can obtain a block of your favourite Dairy Milk Chocolate or Energy Chocolate (except in New South Wales and South Australia, where, owing to transport regulations, we are unable to distribute).

CADBURY

MAKERS OF DAIRY MILK CHOCOLATE AND ENERGY CHOCOLATE

R.A.N. flagship loses gallant men in battle



GUNS OF H.M.A.S. AUSTRALIA, flagship of the Australian Navy, bombarding Jap installations. The flagship was damaged on the upper deck near the bridge by enemy attack in the battle of the Philippines. Damage was officially described as superficial.

Fine record of Australia's Captain

By REG HARRIS

Who sailed in H.M.A.S. Australia on an assignment for The Australian Women's Weekly.

Captain Emile F. V. Dechaineux, D.S.C., R.A.N., who died of wounds received in the Philippines battle while in command of the flagship, H.M.A.S. Australia, was one of the heroes in the epic naval evacuation of British troops from Dunkirk.

WHILE in operational waters aboard his ship earlier this year on an assignment for The Australian Women's Weekly Navy Issue, I was impressed by Captain Dechaineux's habit of putting his entire ship's company "in the picture."

He would hold mass assemblies on the quarter-deck and, with the aid of huge maps, a pointing stick, and loud speakers, would tell his officers and ratings of the progress of the war in their theatre.

When members of the ship's company asked Captain Dechaineux about leave, the Captain always replied:

"Before you get any leave you will all have long white beards."

After the Aitape engagement the whole crew was summoned to the quarter-deck. Captain Dechaineux called for silence, then announced:

"Well, you all have your long white beards." There were rousing cheers. This was the last leave he and his men had before the Philippines battle.

He was very proud of his father, artist Lucien Dechaineux, of Hobart, and had his cabin and office decorated with the father's paintings.

"My Dad is probably the only man alive whose two sons are both in command of their own ships in the R.A.N.," he told me.

Captain Dechaineux's brother, Lieutenant-Commander Bertrand L. Dechaineux, R.A.N.R., is commanding officer of the corvette H.M.A.S. Burnie.

Captain Dechaineux's widow and children—son Peter, 5, and daughter Anne, 2—live in Hobart.

Dechaineux entered the Royal Naval College, Jervis Bay, at the age of 13, in 1916.

Leaving there in 1919 he served with the Royal Navy for four years, returned to Australia for 12 months in 1924, then went back to England.

At Portsmouth, he qualified as a torpedo officer in 1928, and came home to become flotilla torpedo officer in H.M.A.S. Anzac.

In 1932 he went back to England and became flotilla torpedo officer of the 2nd Destroyer Flotilla.

In 1934 he returned to Australia as squadron torpedo officer in the flagship Australia.

At the end of 1936 he again went to England, doing a year at the Greenwich Staff College. From there he went to the Admiralty, London, in the Tactical Division.

At the outbreak of war he was Deputy Director of Minesweeping for the Royal Navy. In May, 1940, he was appointed to supervise construction of a new R.N. destroyer, H.M.S. Eglington.

Then a commander, he was taken from that duty to command the destroyer H.M.S. Vivacious at the evacuation of Dunkirk.

His ship was very badly damaged during the five days of the evacuation in June, 1940, sustaining 68 shell and shrapnel holes in her side. The crew plugged them up by driving in pieces of packing-cases.

During the five trips she made, 30 men were killed and 40 wounded in the Vivacious. On one trip she evacuated 700 soldiers.

Navy's part in Philippines battle

FLAGSHIP of the Australian Navy, H.M.A.S. Australia was damaged by air attack in the great naval battle of the Philippines.

Her commanding officer, Captain E. F. V. Dechaineux, D.S.C., R.A.N., died of wounds, and Commodore Collins, who was flying his broad pennant in H.M.A.S. Australia as officer commanding the Australian Naval Squadron, was wounded.

Nineteen of her crew were killed or died of wounds, and 54 were wounded.

R.A.N. ships taking part in the Philippines battle were the cruisers Australia and Shropshire, destroyers Arunta and Warramunga, hydrographic ships Gascoyne and Benalla, and merchantmen converted to assault ships Manoera, Westralia, and Kanimbla, carrying U.S. troops.

"Dishy," as he was known in the Navy, then returned to complete the construction of Eglington, then served a year in her in the North Sea as senior officer of the destroyer division.

They were engaged in general duty and hunting E-boats, of which he used reticently to admit, "We bagged a few." It was for this work that he received the D.S.C.

He returned to Australia in September, 1941, did a year at Navy Office, Melbourne, and in November, 1942, became commander of the destroyer H.M.A.S. Warramunga.

Promoted to captain in December, 1943, he took command of H.M.A.S. Australia in March this year.



COMMANDING OFFICER of the Australia, Captain E. F. V. Dechaineux, D.S.C., R.A.N., who died of wounds.

Editorial

NOVEMBER 4, 1944

VICTORY AT SEA

JUBILATION at the great victory over the Japanese Navy was shadowed by news of the damage to H.M.A.S. Australia and tragic loss of some of her personnel.

Nineteen men, including the commanding officer, Captain Dechaineux, were killed and fifty-four wounded.

Compared with the vast scale of war damage all over the world, this disaster is, in one sense, of limited scope.

But it has a specially poignant significance for Australia.

In a small navy, each ship gathers round it an especially concentrated feeling of enthusiasm and tradition.

Where the total number of officers is limited, each one can be spared the less.

Captain Dechaineux is widely mourned as a gallant sailor, with a seafaring record of the highest lustre.

No less heartfelt sympathy will go out to the other victims of the Japanese attack.

Their friends and relatives can take comfort in the fact that these men helped to make possible the complete victory which has been obtained over the Japanese Navy.

A correspondent with the U.S. Fleet has declared that this victory may shorten the war in the Pacific by a year.

If that is so, it has brought a year nearer the day when Australian prisoners in Japanese hands can return home.

It has eliminated a year of savage warfare, with its wastage of young lives, among the jungles of tropical islands.

These men of H.M.A.S. Australia died that others may live.

They will always have an honored place in the history of Australia.



SURFERS on an Australian beach, not specially shark-conscious.

Shark attack... a 2,000,000 to one chance

By L. A. d'ALPUGET
Former Australian junior champion surfboat rower.

MAYBE this swimming season a shark will eat you, but the chances are much greater that you will eat a shark.

Man-eating has been an occasional peccadillo of Australian sharks for more than a century, but shark-eating is rapidly becoming an organised habit of man.

Fishermen usually sell shark as "fillets," half-pound slabs of parchment-colored flesh, with a fine crumpled grain.

So far I haven't been hungry enough to buy any. I cannot erase from my mind a picture of a 14-footer delicately tearing to pieces a corpse I found last month floating a few miles off Sydney Heads.

But nevertheless this does not rob me of the delight of surf bathing.

I know just how slim are the chances of "being taken."

They are twenty times slimmer, in fact, than winning the lottery, because the odds are roughly two million to one.

One might meet one's end by walking under a tram, by attempting repairs to the family iron, by over-eating, but by shark attack . . . I'll lay the odds.

Only 202 shark attacks have been recorded in 100-odd years, and during that time 400 million swimmers have risked Australia's unenclosed waters.

Surf attacks are proven by records as very much less likely than attacks in still water.

Since 1897 there have been 33 surf attacks on the Australian coast and 75 in still water.

Of these, 18 people attacked in the surf have died. Deaths in still-water attacks total 36.

Mr. H. Youden, secretary of the Road Safety Committee, tells me that 4335 people have been killed and 68,845 injured in street accidents in the last ten years in New South Wales alone.

Worst places to surf are in or near channels during late afternoon. The man-eaters fear crowds, prefer shaded waters.

The lone, still-water swimmer, who selects for his plunge a nicely secluded bay, with plenty of shadows, fairly near a meatworks, is just asking for trouble.

But, even so, the odds are greatly in his favor.

Sharks, curious in their physical construction, in their habits, in their appearance, fit poorly into the fishy

family of which they are the despised but numerous poor relations.

Millions of them, of more than 80 types, inhabit the seas off our coasts, scavenging, hunting, contriving in some way to fill their voracious bellies.

Ichthyologists say that fewer than 30 types are dangerous to man.

Largest sharks known, and among the most ferocious, are the White Pointers of the open seas, which in past ages grew to a length of 80 feet.

Biggest Australian specimen, caught in Victoria, measured 361 feet in length, probably weighed 3000lb.

Such monsters could swallow a man in one gulp.

The late Zane Grey, novelist and world-renowned angler, came to Australia anxious to hook such a fish, but made the picture, "White Death," instead.

Although the catch of his dreams did not materialise, Grey caught many big sharks, and gave a great flip to fishing.



GREY NURSE shark. It will eat anything, including a surfer.

The harmless Whale shark, rarely seen in southern waters, reaches a length of 45 feet. Next in mammoth proportions, and equally harmless to man, is the basking shark, of 35 feet.

But Blue Pointers, Grey Nurses, Whalers, and Tiger sharks, ranging between eight and eighteen feet, will eat anything, from handbags to hammers, ichthyologists will tell you.

Why, then, have there not been thousands of attacks on humans instead of hundreds?

The reason is really very plain.

Sharks are not naturally surface swimmers, but live near the sea floor, and in proportion to their numbers rarely venture into shallow waters; then only when following shoals of schooling fish, or attracted by refuse or offal.

As the exception to prove this rule generally known and accepted by fishermen I saw at Bondi one Sunday afternoon in 1934, an eight-foot Whale shark swim, apparently in a fishy haze, into a foot of water, while three hundred people surfed 50 yards farther along the beach.

But on other occasions when I have seen sharks near the beaches they have been cruising in or near channels, hunting the salmon, mullet, and bream that move along the New South Wales coast in the latter part of our summer.

Big-game fishermen take a delight in half-day battles with rod and reel against the brutes.

Even when sharks are ready for gaffing, the fishermen take no risks. Twenty-five attacks on boats, many by sharks that have been "pumped" on the end of a line for hours, bear witness to the danger of careless handling.

George and Dick Palmer, professional fishermen, tell of a 12-foot White Pointer that, brought to the surface after an hour's fight, charged their frail craft.

George, with great presence of mind, stamped his No. 10 foot heavily on the flourboards of the boat, and the shark, then only ten feet away, veered from its course, momentarily scared by the concussion through the water.

An American writer, apparently a victim of some strenuous leg-pulling, recently told of the scorn with which Australian swimmers treat the "man-eaters."

The surfer, he disclosed, when he sights the shark "preparing for its charge," unsheathes the knife he carries at all times in his belt, and with speed almost equalling that of the monster, dives beneath it and slits its belly end to end.

The one authenticated record of a human attacking a shark with a knife ended disastrously—for the human.

This was in 1892, when a Thursday Island diver attempted to knife a shark that approached him. The shark promptly bit him in two.

Native pearl-divers have for many years been victims of the predatory monsters that haunt our northern seas.

Twenty-six have been attacked in 30 years, and of these six have died.

Probably the most remarkable of all attacks was that in 1937 on Ioni Asai, a Thursday Island diver, who jammed his thumbs into the eyes of a shark that was closing its jaws over his head.

The shark released its hold, and Asai swam back to the lugger from which he was operating. The shocking wounds round his jaws and throat are to-day vivid testimony of his experience.

Meshing of sharks along Sydney beaches in recent years provided some sense of security to surfers, although the number of sharks caught could make only an infinitesimal gap in their numbers.

Possibly the presence of the nets would serve in some measure to scare the big fish from these areas, but many experts doubt it.

Probably the most practical method of guarding our beaches is the aeroplane patrol endorsed by the Surf Life Saving Association.



JAWS of an 11ft. shark caught outside Sydney Heads. Surfers prefer not to think about this sort of thing.

Interesting People

MR. REG COLLINS

... Navy House, Melbourne.

HONORARY secretary, Royal Australian Naval Patriotic Committee, which established Navy House, Melbourne, and sponsors R.A.N. Relief Fund. Mr. Reg Collins is brother of Commodore John Collins and author Dale Collins. Suggested Navy House to Admiral Sir Ragnar Colvin, who immediately supported idea. Since its inception in 1940, naval ratings have been supplied with 400,000 meals, 100,000 beds. Committee has paid more than £10,000 into R.A.N. Relief Fund.

S/O. DORIS CARTER

... adviser to W.A.A.F. Director FORMERLY chief instructor of W.A.A.F. officer-trainees, Squadron-Officer Doris Carter is now adviser to Director of W.A.A.F. at Air Force Headquarters on post-war plans for members of W.A.A.F., including post-discharge training and employment. Works in close liaison with R.A.A.F. education services, rehabilitation section, and demobilisation planning staff.

AIR/COM. A. H. COBBY

... advance R.A.A.F. base. **BRILLIANT** air ace of this war and last. Air-Commodore A. H. Cobby, D.S.O., D.F.C. and two Bars, G.M., O.B.E., is Air Officer commanding R.A.A.F.'s most advanced operational group in South-west Pacific, greatest R.A.A.F. tactical striking force ever assembled in this area. Before present appointment was Commandant, R.A.A.F. Staff College. Previously commanded R.A.A.F. units in New Guinea. Won George Medal last year for outstanding courage in air accident.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep.

Davey in bright new show

Jack Davey, who for ten years has been one of the most popular figures in Australian radio, is heard in a new nation-wide programme beginning on November 1.

This programme, The Dunlop Road Show, will be heard from station 2GB every Wednesday night at 9.30.

It comes from the studios of 3AW, Melbourne, where the favorite quizmaster and comedian is now located.

Basically a musical variety show, it has a number of new twists originated by Davey, and done in the inimitable Davey style.

Music is supplied by Charles Taylor and the 3AW Orchestra, assisted by a mixed choir and vocalists.

Singers in the opening programme are Pam Corrigan and Ron Atkinson, and in the second broadcast the Parker Sisters and Doreen Govett.

Charles Taylor has recently been discharged from the R.A.A.F.

He had a long record of service in Northern Australia, operational areas, where he supervised welfare activities, and he conducted entertainments for the Forces at Goodenough Island and Port Moresby.

Formerly he was associated with the Tivoli circuit in Australia, and with entertainment in South Africa, the East, and the United States.

Quiz contest

THE Dunlop Road Show opens with a rollicking theme song, "The Open Road," from full chorus and orchestra, leading into the show which is built round the comedy of Davey, Charles Sherman, and Stella Linnard.

Quiz plays a large part in the entertainment. While quiz programmes are not new, there is only one Jack Davey, and in his hands the show becomes a triumph of wit and ingenuity.

United States troops say that even in the States no one handles a quiz show better than Davey.

When radio's most popular programmes are discussed, there is always sure to be mention of Davey, whose voice and cheery "Heigh-ho" are known throughout the length and breadth of Australia.

Listeners to 2GB, the station with which he was associated so long, missed him when he left Sydney, and many inquiries were received about him.

However, they were glad when his voice was heard once more in a half-hour programme, and now this new programme will be welcomed by all his thousands of fans.

In this show he features his popular limericks. The contestant supplies the name, and Jack Davey must complete the limerick in 20 seconds. Otherwise the contestant receives £1.

The Dunlop Road Show is broadcast over 31 stations.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 1: Reg.

Edwards' Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, Nov. 2 (from 4.30

to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents

"Radio Charades."

FRIDAY, Nov. 3: The Australian

Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in "Gems

of Melody."

SATURDAY, Nov. 4: Goodie

Reeve presents Radio Competition, "Melody Four-

somes."

SUNDAY, Nov. 5 (4.15 to 5.0):

The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of

Music."

MONDAY, Nov. 6: Goodie

Reeve's "Letters From Our

Boys."

TUESDAY, Nov. 7: "What's On

the Menu?"



Mandrake the Magician



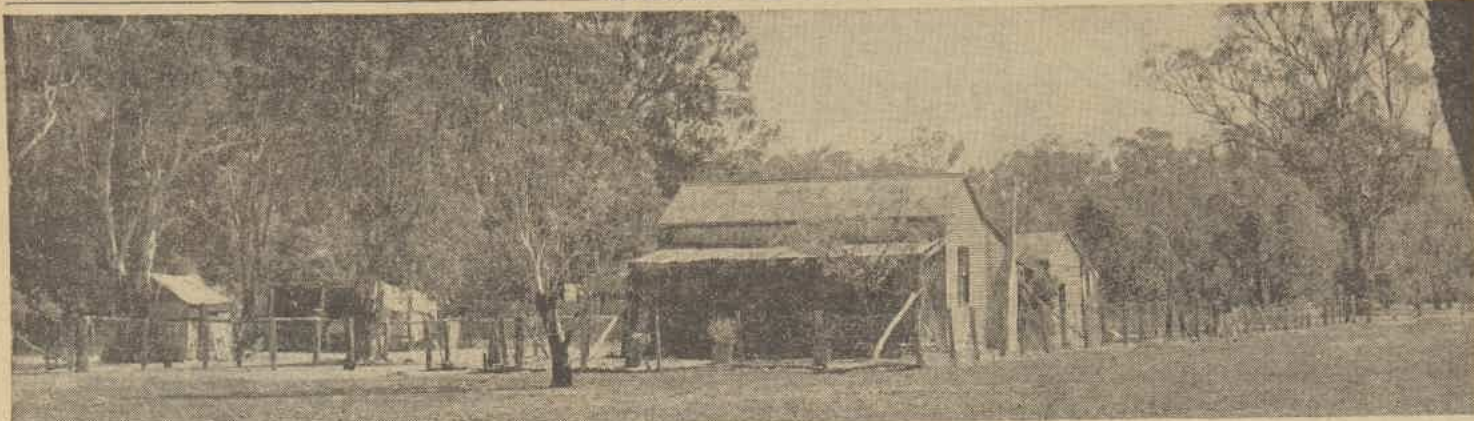
MANDRAKE: Master magician, has lost **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, who is now champion wrestler of the world. Mandrake, having discussed the situation with Princess Narda, says Lothar is too rich and famous to be a servant. Lothar does not want to leave Mandrake at first, but the lure of his diamond belt is too much for him.

SHARPY: Lothar's manager, obtains a handsome house for him, and servants. Lothar finds it hard to get accustomed to the servants, and soon grows tired of having his photograph taken for papers and for advertising. But worst of all is when Sharpy insists he dress for a dinner, for he has never worn shoes before. **NOW READ ON:**



MEANWHILE AT MANDRAKE'S HOUSE

TO BE CONTINUED



HOMESTEAD at "Willowbank," N.S.W., where Mrs. Georgiana Stevens, 75, lives alone and runs a 4000-acre sheep block.

At seventy-five, she runs 4000-acre property alone

Old lady does her own fencing and boundary riding

Story and pictures by ALAN POUT

At the end of a lonely bush track, seven miles from the nearest neighbor, 15 from the tiny hamlet of Maude, and over 50 from the nearest town of Hay, N.S.W., I found one of the most remarkable women I have ever met.

She is 75-year-old Mrs. Georgiana Stevens, who, single-handed, runs her 4000-acre sheep property, "Willowbank," on the banks of the Murrumbidgee, deep down in the lignum country.

THE largest town she has ever seen is Hay, and she has never been farther afield than Hay and Balranald. She was born at Oxley, a township midway between those two places.

"I was married when I was 18," she told me, "and have brought up a family of eight—seven boys and a girl. They are all married."

"The eldest, Robert, is aged 47, and is a policeman in Melbourne. The youngest is 31 and is on a property near Hay."

"My husband was a boundary rider on Caroon station, near Hay. We lived there until, about 1918, my husband's eyes began to fail."

"By 1921 his sight became so bad that he had to give up his job, so I took over his boundary ride for him."

"I was boundary rider after that on Caroon for six years, until the station was sold in 1927."

"By then Bill, my husband, had become totally blind."

"I had to do something, and was lucky enough to be able to secure this block. We moved in the same year, and I had to run the place to keep Bill."

"Bill died 18 months ago. He was 86. Since then I have managed 'Willowbank' entirely on my own. One son, who lives 10 miles away, comes over once a month to pump water for me from the river. I find that I cannot start the kerosene engine alone."

"I usually run 700 to 800 sheep on the place, and in good years 30 or so head of cattle and a few horses." Here is an average day in Mrs. Stevens' life:

"She rises at 5.30 (or earlier in summer) and does her housework."

"As soon as it is light enough she goes out to feed Rover, her sheep dog, and the chickens. Then she grooms and feeds Tony, her pony."

"Afterwards she tends the garden, which, even in this drought-stricken year, is as well-kept as any suburban garden, with its trim fruit trees, flowering shrubs, and modest supply of vegetables."

"About eleven she cooks and eats her midday meal. Then she saddles Tony and, accompanied by Rover, sets out on a seven or eight miles ride round her 4000 acres, tending the sheep, repairing fences, and doing some of the hundred and one jobs necessary to keep a property in good repair."

"After supper she takes a walk along the river bank, then listens in to the radio till about 9 p.m., and so to bed."

"Once a fortnight Mrs. Stevens harnesses Tony into the sulky and drives 15 miles to the tiny village of

Maude to do her shopping and collect her mail."

"Twice or maybe three times a year Tony has the stiffer job of trotting the 50-odd miles to Hay, where Mrs. Stevens puts up for the night, returning the following day."

"She likes the talkies, and goes to the theatre every time she is in Hay."

"I have never had time to take a holiday," she said.

"I remember when I was a little girl they opened the railway to Hay. My father took me over to see the first train, and I thought that one day I'd go down and see the big city, but somehow I never had the time, and I'm getting too old now."

"She has seen many droughts and floods. She told me that she thought the 1902 drought was worse than the present one."

"There weren't so many bores and wells then," she said. "But this is bad enough. I have lost more than 500 sheep out of between 700 and 750 on 'Willowbank' this year."

"Still," she added, with a little smile, "no use worrying. It might have been worse. At least, I have no cattle this year. In the 1923 drought I lost 28 out of 30 head of cattle, as well as about 600 sheep."

"You wouldn't think," she said, in-



SWEEPING the house is one of the jobs Mrs. Stevens does in the early morning.

dicating the sluggish trickle in the middle of the vast Murrumbidgee bed, "that that river would ever flood, would you?"

"But in a good year I get over three feet of swirling water all over my garden. It stretches over a mile back, over the pastures."



MOUNTED ON TONY, Mrs. Stevens sets off on her daily ride round the property. When her husband's sight failed him in 1921 she took over his job as boundary rider.

"Then I have to leave my home and take refuge in a little corrugated iron hut about two and a half miles away on higher ground. Sometimes I'm cut off for days, and finally have to wade through to get supplies."

She is most enthusiastic about women in the Services.

"They're splendid," she said, and added, with a chuckle, "I only wish I was young enough to be an Awas or a Land Girl myself."

Concerning the rest of the younger generation, she is not so sure.

"They're too fly-by-night," she said. "When I was a girl young people put away for their old age. Nowadays, they seem to spend their money faster than they earn it."

"I am very glad Mr. Curtin is trying to persuade folk to save by

buying Victory Loan bonds. I have some myself, and I hope to buy more."

Mrs. Stevens neither smokes nor drinks, but has an open mind on the subject.

"If other people want to do it, let them. If they overdo it, they hurt no one but themselves."

I had a final vision, as a car bore me away over the winding, bumpy track back to civilisation, of an upright staunch little figure seated on her pony, her dog at her heel, riding away into a gathering duststorm over the barren plain.

She raised her hand in farewell, and as a bend in the track took her from sight into the lignum bush I waved back.

Salutations to a grand old lady.

Lady-in-waiting is typical English beauty

Cabled by ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

Twenty-two-year-old Eileen Phipps, niece of the Duchess of Gloucester, who will go out to Australia as a lady-in-waiting, is natural, charming, and fair complexioned—a typical English beauty.

four years, and I'm thrilled to be getting into some feminine clothes."

Four years in the A.T.S. gave Eileen Phipps a training which, she says, will stand her in good stead, for as the Duchess' lady-in-waiting she will take on much of the secretarial work.

"The A.T.S. has an excellent scheme for training girls for post-war positions," she said. "We have lectures and classes on many subjects from typewriting to child care."

"I've learned to type and do shorthand, and was adjutant at an anti-aircraft headquarters for a while."

"Of course the women's Services were my first love, and I hope in Australia I will see a great deal of the work of Australian girls in the Services."

"I'm on the A.T.S. Officers' Reserve, and on official occasions will wear uniform. I understand the Duchess intends to see as much as possible of women's war work, and I'll be accompanying her, I hope."

Junior Commander Phipps entered the A.T.S. as a private. She went straight from the classroom as soon as she was old enough, and after a year in the ranks went on to an officers' cadet training unit.

"I met several Australian girls who had remained in Britain to join the A.T.S., and from them I grew to know quite a bit about Australia."

Junior Commander Phipps is fond of children, but said: "I hardly know my cousins."

"I've seen the new baby, and visited Prince William several times, but I've been out of touch with my family since I joined up."

"Most girls of my age who have gone into the Services have had to sacrifice family life."

"I hardly saw mother for four years, for our house is in the West of England, and even when I had leave, she was busy doing war work."

"That's another reason I think I am specially lucky, for I'm getting back to domestic life before most

girls, and the prospect is most pleasant after four years of barrack life."

Eileen Phipps is a good horsewoman, and calls herself a "moderate tennis player."

We were sitting before a very small fire in the living-room of her home at Chalcoot, in Wiltshire.

Her dog nosed in friendly fashion round the settee, and Eileen said: "It's Albert I'm sorriest to be leaving."

"I haven't told him yet. He's been living with me on the anti-aircraft battery, and we've been inseparable since I took him as a pup to be our mascot."

On the settee was a piece of sewing, and again the lady-in-waiting plied me with more questions.

"I believe many Australian girls make their own clothes. Do you think I might, also?"

"I mustn't be outdone, must I? What patterns can I get?"

"Could you send me The Australian Women's Weekly so that I may choose designs for my frocks?"

It is certain that Australians will love the Duchess of Gloucester's niece.

Her directness and friendliness, unassuming manner, and admiration and enthusiasm for Australians should win for her many friends.

R.A.A.F. HELPS BRING IN CANADIAN BARLEY



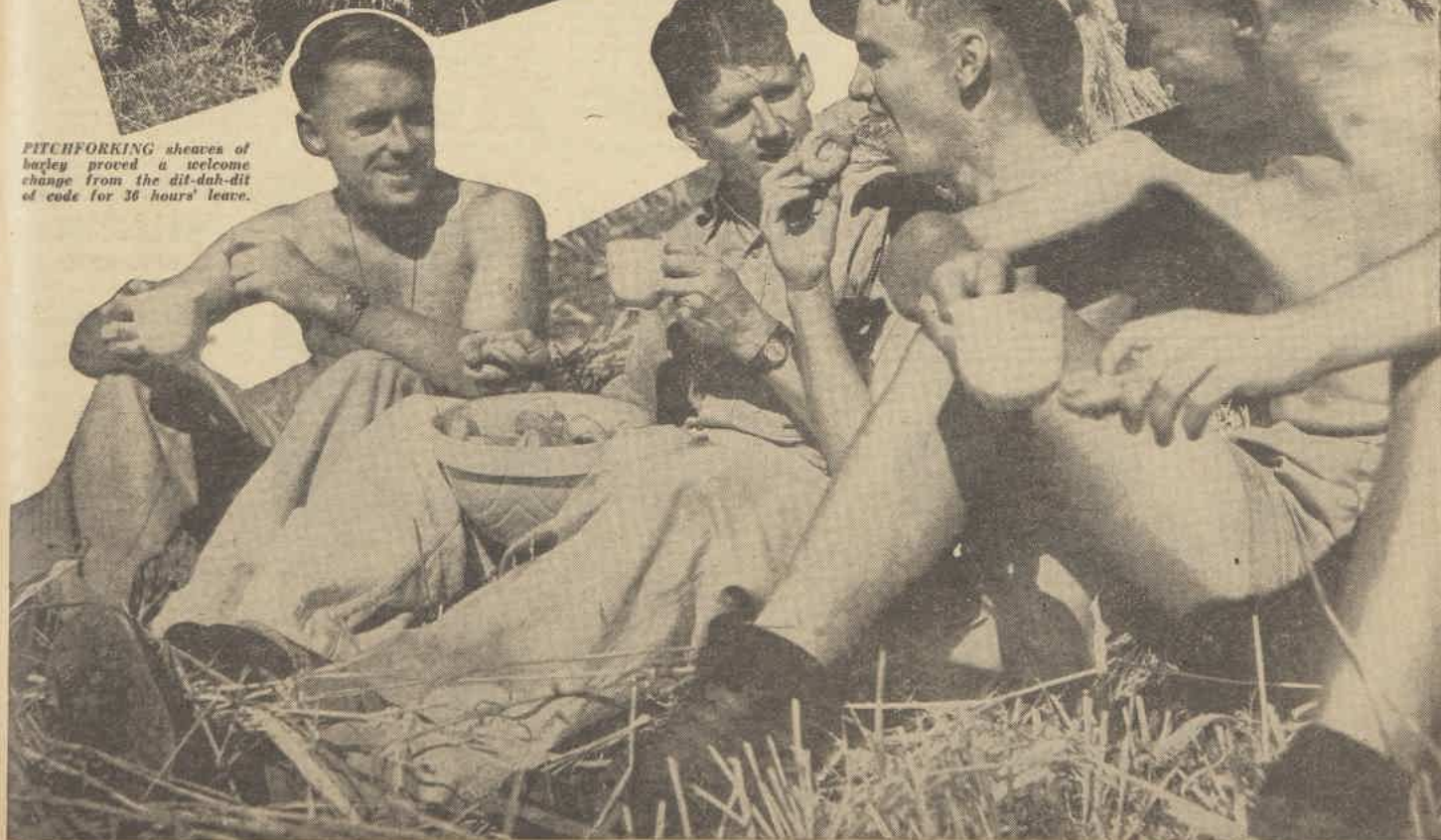
AUSTRALIANS ON LEAVE from No. 3 Wireless School, Winnipeg, take tips on stooking barley from Farmer Laing while helping relieve labor shortage in Manitoba, Canada.



LAC P. F. MOGRIDGE, of Adelaide, was one of 42 student wireless air-gunners who helped bring in the Canadian barley harvest.



PITCHFORKING sheaves of barley proved a welcome change from the dit-dah-dit of code for 36 hours' leave.



DOUGHNUTS AND COFFEE—that good old North American custom—proves a welcome break for Australian nirmen harvesting in Canadian grain fields. Left to right they are LACs E. E. Tatham, Hurlstone Park, N.S.W.; Norman Neil, Prospect, N.S.W.; P. F. Mogridge, Adelaide; and T. M. Price, Vic. —Photos by Royal Canadian Air Force.

What's on your mind?

Her hillbilly relatives

I DO not sympathise with the disillusioned bride in your article (14/10/44) "Australian Brides Warmly Welcomed In U.S.A." who, on meeting her hillbilly in-laws on arrival in America, found them the "corniest people I have ever met."

Nor do I approve of her action in packing her bags and moving to the nearest town to take a job when she discovered that her husband's grandmother smoked a corn-cob pipe and that the life in store for her was too rough and bare.

Evidently this bride married a U.S. serviceman and went to the United States not to be a true wife to her husband, but to lead a glamorous "movie" life.

Her in-laws from her description are obviously farmers, and who can deny that farmers are the backbone of any country? Is there anything to be ashamed of in your husband's grandmother smoking a corn-cob pipe?

Her husband is probably still overseas, and I think most Australian girls in her case would have been a little grateful to the in-laws for taking in a comparative stranger, and making her welcome.

I do not think it will make her husband the happier to learn that his wife turned her nose up at his "corny" relatives and corn-cob smoking grandmother, and I do hope that there are not many other Australian girls acting in a similar manner, and causing much unhappiness to their husbands' people.

5/- to "One Who Knows Just What to Expect," Brisbane.

READERS are invited to write to this column expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 17. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for the first letter used, and 5/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Precocious children

A SPECIAL correspondent writes in a Melbourne daily paper (3/10/44) of the astonishment experienced by his Australian children on their first day in a New York City public school to discover that girls as young as eleven wear nail-polish, face-powder, and lipstick, which they rush to renew at lunch-time, and that lads of equally tender years make serious "dates" with the girls.

Discipline during class is not apparent to these Australian-trained children, especially when a pupil stopped the class while he tuned-



in to a swing session on the wireless set he had brought to school!

On reading this I was at once heartened by the thought that Australian children are not yet as precocious as these facts would indicate is the case with their American cousins.

It is strongly to be recommended

that our educational authorities will have the backing of all parents in saving our children from the calamity of growing old before their time.

5/- to Marcia B. Robson, 2 Penny-Bryn Place, Launceston, Tas.

Wrongly blamed

NO one with an understanding of Australian conditions can allow to go unchallenged Margaret O'Sullivan's statement (14/10/44), that it is selfish striving after pleasure by modern young people that is reducing the birthrate rather than fear of economic insecurity.

She and many politicians have thrust the blame on the already overburdened young couples, who, in truth, live in an age of tragedy.

First there was a depression, then war, and a Japanese invasion threat. Now there is an appalling shortage of houses, and, for mothers, of hospital accommodation and transport.

Newlyweds have little hope of even finding a room and kitchen for themselves, let alone space to rear a usually much-longed-for family.

5/- to L. Ferguson, 5 Amelia St., Camberwell, Vic.

More babies

AN interesting fact revealed from a survey as to why 500 married women were without children shows that 91 women said they would be prepared to start a family if their husbands could get leave from the Services.

Is it not possible that, as in the British Army, special leave be given members of our fighting forces who wish to start building a family?

Not only does Australia need the children, but they also would be a great comfort to the mothers in the fathers' absence on service.

As the war will apparently continue for some time, young married women should be given the opportunity of knowing the glory of motherhood now, instead of having to wait indefinitely.

5/- to J. Somerville Smith, Director of the More Babies Campaign, 108 Queen St., Melbourne.

Wife's problem

I WOULD like readers' opinions on my domestic problem. I have two children, and my husband receives £10/0/6 a fortnight. Of this he gives me £8 for the house, out of which I pay £2 a fortnight for rent, leaving a balance of £8 (£3 weekly) for the necessities of life.

Yet my husband expects me to clothe him, feed him, pay his dry-cleaners, medicine bills, and so on; in fact, everything but his tram fares.

I have been out once in eight weeks to a show, and even then I had to pay our tram fares on the way into town.

I have to go out to work to help out, and to get clothes for myself and the children. My husband does not drink, but I think he has too much money out of a small wage, unless he buys his own clothes. What do other readers think?

5/- to "Fed-Up Wife."

Australian crooners

WHY all this fuss about "swonnet crooner" Frankie Sinatra? I consider the crooning of Aus-



tralia's Johnny Wade and Terry Howard is superior to Sinatra's in quality and tone.

With one of the world's leading dance bands to accompany him, a background of harmonising voices, and a tremendous publicity build-up, Sinatra manages to get by.

5/- to Mrs. N. Hepburn, 25 Music St., Lismore, N.S.W.

Accident doctors

I READ recently of a tragic death resulting from an accident, and inability to obtain medical aid in time. Would it not be possible for an emergency roster of accident doctors to be formed?

One hears of many cases, road accidents, sudden serious illness, and so on where relatives or friends have tried for hours before being able to get a doctor.

Surely it could be arranged at each of the public hospitals for an accident doctor to be available for these calls.

5/- to Margaret Campbell, 56 James St., Northcote, Vic.

Film Reviews

*** NINE MEN

THIS is no entertainment for estapists. It is as realistic as a documentary, as tense as any battle scene in real life.

Producer Michael Balcon and director Harry Watt tell this fictional story with the same technique used in real life stories. The result is a sincere, moving drama and a tribute to the heroic British Eighth Army. It is the story of a small party of British soldiers cut off from their battalion in the Libyan Desert.

Jack Lambert, a newcomer to the screen, is a convincing Sergeant Watson. Grant Sutherland, a captain in the London Scottish Regiment, and Jack Horseman, who was awarded the Military Medal for bravery in an action during the fall of France, hardly need to act—their Army experiences have groomed them for their parts—Civic; showing.

★ HEY, ROOKIE

THERE appears to be a great dearth of bright and original ideas for musical comedies these days, and, believe it or not, this time Columbia drag out that very time-worn formula of a group of soldiers putting on a camp show.

Nothing is done to bring zest to the faded theme, and the lukewarm



DOG GLAMOR. Even canine stars in Hollywood come under the skilled hands of make-up artists. Here Grey Shadow is being touched up for his appearance in RKO's "My Pal, Wolf."

Little story is smothered in a confusing jumble of variety turns.

Ann Miller is a vivacious heroine, and her whirlwind tap-dancing is up to standard.

Hal McIntyre's orchestra provides an excellent musical background, comedy is handled by The Vagabonds and Joe Besser, and there is a generous supply of singers, but the acts are tossed together with little regard for presentation or continuity.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

Animal Antics



"Rodion! You've been drinking."

Primitive bridal custom

WHY has the custom of "giving away" the bride at wedding ceremonies not been abolished?

It is surely very belittling to women.

It seems to infer that woman, in theory, at least, is still the chattel of her menfolk.

It is a survival of the primitive, and should have no place in an enlightened, progressive community.

5/- to F. Millrent Holmes, Walker St., Ballarat North, Vic.

Irrigate the inland

I AGREE with "Advance Australia" (30/9/44) that the plan outlined by Idriess in his book, "The Great Boomerang," for the opening up of the Australian interior should become a reality now.

Australia needs this land for repatriation purposes so that our returned soldiers who decide to settle on the land will not have to slave on poorly paying farms like many returned men of World War I.

5/- to Miss Margaret Henderson, Ardrossan, Yorke Peninsula, S.A.

Not in tune

MRS. D. MORGAN (30/9/44) has put into words my own thoughts on the wrong choice of hymns for the sick. "Nearer, My God, to Thee," is a beautiful hymn, but I do not think it should be sung to the sick.

If sick persons happen to be of a morbid type, or inclined that way because of illness, they may lose all will-power to help themselves, and become extremely difficult patients.

5/- to Mrs. G. Wotton, 67 Regent St., Coburg, Vic.

News from studios

By Cable from
VIOLA MACDONALD, in Hollywood.

OVERSEAS duty is expected any time now for Mickey Rooney, who was accepted for Army service in June after at first being rejected as medically unfit.

Before he left Hollywood, Mickey made "National Velvet" and "Andy Hardy's Blonde Trouble," which have not yet come to Australia.

His mother tells me she is off to New York to meet Mickey's new wife, formerly Betty Jane Rase.

Mrs. Rooney says: "Betty writes wonderful letters. I know I will love her!"

THE battle scars worn by Walter Pidgeon as a foreign correspondent in "Weekend at the Waldorf" may not need to be faked, for Walter has been indulging in a spot of private strife.

He was pruning a tree in his backyard, clad in shorts, when a swarm of bees attacked him, and he suffered several stings.

ROBERT COOGAN, Jackie's brother, is recuperating in a London hospital after being wounded while fighting in Normandy.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 108-114 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

"LIBRARY OF THE AIR" presents

GOOD-BYE, MR. CHIPS

JAMES HILTON'S GREAT HUMAN STORY IN 45 MINUTE EPISODES

Thursday 2GB 8p.m.

"A SPOT OF MUSICAL COMEDY"

9 p.m. 2GB

Sundays

As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

TUESDAY, October 31; Wednesday, November 1; and Tuesday, November 7 can be actively adverse for many people, particularly if they belong under the zodiacal signs Taurus, Aquarius, and Leo.

Many Scorpions will need to exercise care, too. All such groups will show wisdom by being moderate, cautious, and patient on those dates. Changes should be avoided.

However, general good fortune can predominate just now in the lives of most Cancerians and Pisceans, and for many Scorpions, Capricornians, and Virgoans.

All such people will do well to plan wisely ahead and then work hard to accomplish their desired goals.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week—

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): November 7 (especially morning and evening hours) fair. Plan ahead for the better times which come soon.

Taurus (April 21 to May 21): Beware rulings, opposition, losses, arguments, and misadventures just now, especially on October 31 and November 1 and 3. November 7, poor, too. Routine strongly advised.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): November 2 (evening) fair; November 3 poor. Routine affairs favored most now. But look to finish outstanding matters.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Seek changes, progress, favors gain at this time. Thirde November 3 (afternoon and evening) fair; also November 4 (evening and night hours best), and November 5 (late evening). November 7 fair.

LEO (July 24 to August 24): Avoid all hits and changes now. Difficulties predominate. Delays probable. Especially October 31 and November 1. November 2, 3, and 4 (early) and November 7 poor. Routine work best.

VIRGO (August 25 to September 23): November 1 (dusk to past midnight) quite good. Also November 3 (from 1 to 9 p.m.) and November 4 (dawn to noon). Finish these days wisely in modest affairs.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 24): November 2 (after dusk only), and November 3 (morning and evening) both favor slightly.

SCORPIO (October 25 to November 23): Arrangement, gains, desired changes possible now. Seek changes, progress, although October 31 through to forenoon November 2 poor. November 4 (noon to 10 p.m.) fair. Work hard on November 5 (after midday), and November 6 (dawn to midday best).

SAGITTARIUS (November 24 to December 21): November 7 (morning and evening) helpful. Routine best during rest of week.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): October 31 (dawn to 9 p.m.) fair. November 1 poor to midday, but good from dusk to midnight. November 5 (morning) poor.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): Be wary in all departments of life just now. Obstacles, delays, worries prevail, especially on October 31, November 1, 2, and 3. Routine advised. Dodge changes and discord.

PISCES (February 20 to March 21): Seek desired goals and changes now. October 31 (before sunrise) fair. November 1 (late evening) good. November 4 (from 2 p.m. to 10 p.m.) fair. November 5 (morning) poor; good after 2 p.m. November 6 (dawn to noon) good; balance fair.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"You want sleeping pills. Have you insomnia?"
"No, but I woke up this morning in the middle of dreaming about the Melbourne Cup, and I want to go back and see the finish."

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



DAINTY FROCK

The pattern of this pretty ready-to-make is traced on a good wearing summer cotton. It is fast, and you have it in varied shades of blue, or orange, or pink, on a white background. Design shows firmly fitting bodice, trimmed with self ruffles, and puffed sleeves, and fully gathered skirt.

Sizes 4 to 6 years, 10/6 (6 coupons); 8 to 10 years, 11/2 (6 coupons); 12 to 16 years, 12/6 (6 coupons). Plus 5/6d. postage. Please ask for No. 533.



LOVELY SLIP IN RAYON CREPE-DE-CHINE

The pattern of this beautifully designed slip is traced on a good rayon crepe-de-chine, all in readiness for you to cut and sew. You may choose between a soft pastel pink, or blue, or white.

The design shows an uplift brassiere top, daintily embroidered, and fitting panel skirt. Lace is shown on illustration, but this is not supplied. The embroidery design is stamped all ready to work.

Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 18/12 (8 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 22/6 (8 coupons). Plus 5/6d. postage when ordering, please quote No. 534, and be sure to enclose required number of coupons with your money order or postal note.



F2388.—Spotted shirt style blouse. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2 1/2 yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

Fashion PATTERNS



F1750.—Exquisitely designed frock with slimly panelled front. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4 yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2545.—Floral masterpiece, crisp, cool, attractive. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4 yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F1320.—Tailored smartness: Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4 yds. and 1 yd. contrast, 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2548.—Note the draped neckline of this smartly designed frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4 yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3301.—Darling cotton frock for young misses, 4 to 10 years of age. Requires 2 yds., 36in. wide, and 1 yd. contrast. Pattern 1/4.

F1799.—Very smart, and yet easy to make. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4 yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

SEND your order for Fashion patterns or needlework (note prices and coupons required), to "Pattern Department" to the address given in your State as under:

Box 328A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 498P, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 145C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 4085W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 118C, G.P.O., Melbourne.

N.Z.: Box 4085W, G.P.O., Sydney, N.Z. (readers use money orders only).

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.



Fashion Frock Service

"DULCIE"—dainty vest and scoties to match

This smartly designed set comes to you ready to wear, or cut out only for you to sew at home. The material used is the excellent rayon crepe-de-chine, in pastel-pink, blue, also white. This fabric looks attractive, washes and wears well, and is ideal for summer wearing.

The design chosen is tailored, showing uplift brassiere top on vest, with fullness under the bustline. The scoties are the straight-tailored type, slim under summer frocks. They have the well-fitting centre front seam, and fasten at the side.

The Set, Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 23/8 (8 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 27/11 (8 coupons). Plus 1/0d. postage.

Cut Out Only (ready to sew at home): Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 14/11 (8 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 16/11 (8 coupons). Plus 1/0d. postage.

How to obtain "DULCIE." In N.E.W. obtain postal note for required amount, include coupons, and send to Box 3498, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on this page. Be sure to give bust and hip measurements.

PLEASE NOTE! To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE IN BLOCK LETTERS. Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, AND COUPONS. State size required. For children state age of child. Use box numbers given on this page.



CELEBRATION AT PRINCE'S. Mrs. Margaret Collins, widow of Flight-Lieut. John Collins, R.A.A.F., of Beaudesert, Queensland, and her fiancé, Lieut. Pierre Mann, R.A.N.V.R. Mrs. Collins is younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Hagon, of Lonsell, Edgcliff.



AT RANDWICK. Mrs. Edward Higgins celebrates news that her husband, who was captain in U.S. Army, has now attained majority. Mrs. Higgins stops to chat with Mr. A. Mahel (left) and Captain Robert Dollar, U.S. Army, member of well-known Dollar Steamship Company family in America.

On and off DUTY.

"WHY, lady, you don't stand a chance of getting near the court — they've been queuing up since before nine this morning." This is greeting I receive from cheery court attendant when I arrive at Equity Court to hear evidence of case challenging Archibald Prize award to Bill Dobell for his portrait of Joshua Smith.

I murmur faintly the sometimes magic word "Press," but he grins and adds, "Sorry, miss, I had to turn away a couple of K.C.'s yesterday."

Hopefully decide to wait in case someone leaves court, and it's not long before I'm escorted to seat.

As case has been main topic of conversation in Sydney for past week, am not surprised when I look round and see lots of people I know.

MRS. GREGORY BLAXLAND

looks cool and lovely in casual suit of shocking pink with black penny-sized polka spot. She tells me Bill Dobell painted conversation portrait of her with her schoolgirl daughter, Antonia, three and a half years ago. Mrs. Blaxland gave portrait to her husband, and with exception of time when painting was loaned for Dobell exhibition in aid of kindergarten, it held place of honor in Blaxland home.

STOPPING by on her way to Government House, Mrs. E. D. Roper, lovely wife of Mr. Justice Roper, pays her first visit to court when her husband presides.

Mrs. Roper confides that her husband does not care for her to be present during court proceedings, but relaxed his wishes in the Dobell case.

MRS. CHARLES LLOYD JONES

says she's in same class as a permanent first night as she attends each session hearing evidence. Both her schoolboy sons, Charles and David, have been painted by Bill Dobell, and together with another painting by him are hung in her treasure-filled lounge-room at lovely home, Rosemount, Edgcliff.



CANADIANS ENTERTAINED at The Australian Women's Weekly Club for Servicewomen at weekly Friday night dance. Private Ruby Hearne, A.W.A.S., and Sergeant George Barrey, Royal Canadian Artillery, from Dunville, Ontario, enjoy a milk shake at snack bar at club.

MR. AND MRS. ERNEST WATT

sit with Mrs. Blaxland—Mrs. Watt wears shell-pink rimmed glasses to follow proceedings closely—and Mrs. Dundas Allan sits in same row with Louise MacMillan, of American Red Cross.

AM very taken with Mitty Lee Brown's canary-yellow gloves which she pulls on when she completes her sketches of courtroom personalities at luncheon adjournment. Gossip says Mitty hopes to go to U.S.A. to continue art studies.



ENGAGED. Mrs. Heather Campbell (right), widow of Flying-Officer Campbell, R.A.A.F., who announces engagement to Lieutenant Walter Cogswell, U.S.N.R., attends Metropolitan Day with Mrs. Jim Fitzhardinge.



SHOWER OF CONFETTI. ACI George Martin, R.A.A.F., and his bride, formerly Mavis Morgan, dodge hail of confetti as they leave St. Jude's Church, Randwick, after their marriage.



NAVAL WEDDING. Lieut. Abraham de Jong, Royal Netherlands Navy, and pretty bride, formerly Third-Officer Joye Macauliffe, W.R.A.N.S., cut wedding cake at reception at H.M.A.S. Rushcutt, while best man, Lieut. Jack Thesing, R.N.N. (left), Commander J. E. Walton, R.A.N., who gave bride away, and bridesmaid Third-Officer Pat Ross, W.R.A.N.S., look on.

LOTS of interest this week in cabled news from London of marriage of Flight-Officer Mary Hordern, W.A.A.F., to Group-Captain Raymond Love, D.S.O., D.F.C., R.A.F. Mary is daughter of Mr. Anthony Hordern, of Milton Park, Bowral, and late Mrs. Hordern.

I ring her sister, Mrs. Harry Meeks, but she has no further news of event other than the bare details of the cable.

Mary was in England when war broke out, and she enlisted as driver in W.A.A.F. Later she received commission with cipher branch, and has served for last three years in Middle East, Italy, and Malta. Her family, of course, are eagerly awaiting letters giving full details of ceremony.

AFTERNOON TEA at Prince's as birthday celebration for her mother, Mrs. E. Hawkins, is given by Mrs. Ivan Pearce, who before her marriage was Bonnie Hawkins. By the way, Mrs. Hawkins is retired champion sculler of New South Wales.

TWICE captured by Germans while serving in Greece, and escaping on each occasion, are among exploits of Corporal George Burgess, A.I.F., of Guyra, when George marries Evelyn Coyle at St. Clement's Church, Marrickville, his friend, Lieut. John Benson, M.M., A.I.F., is best man. Evelyn's sister, Coder Lola Coyle, W.R.A.N.S., is bridesmaid.

SEE Marie Brennan and her fiancé, Flying-Officer Don Griffiths, R.A.A.F., at Randwick. It's Don's first meeting since his return from twenty-one months' service in England. Marie tells me Don has lovely branch of orchids sent to her, which she expects to last for three weeks. "Each time I'm going out I snip off three or four, and have a brand-new spray," says Marie. Couple plan marriage soon, and have chosen St. Mary Magdalene's, Rose Bay, for ceremony.

CHARMING Sydney lass, Mrs. Bill Reed, wife of Major Reed, U.S. Air Corps, who before her marriage a few months ago was Camille Hannan, is on her way to her new home at Fort Wayne, Indiana. Camille pays flying visit to family in Sydney from Brisbane to say "Good-bye."

NEWS from her popular husband, Rear-Admiral Muirhead-Gould, is received by Mrs. Muirhead-Gould from England telling her that as soon as he arrived there an office and staff were waiting him in St. James' Square for his hush-hush work in connection with his appointment as member of commission of controls for Germany. Until she sails Mrs. Muirhead-Gould is guest of Mrs. H. B. Farncomb at her Hampton Court flat.

UNEXPECTED leave after being torpedoed in Indian Ocean for Engineer-Officer John Bradfield, M.N., who marries Daphne Burrell at Shore Chapel. Couple planned marriage some time hence, but enemy speeded up plans when torpedo hit ship John was serving in. Daphne is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Moreton Burrell. John is only son of Dr. and Mrs. E. V. Bradfield, of Newcastle, and grandson of late Dr. J. J. C. Bradfield, who designed our Sydney Harbor Bridge.

FOR CHRISTMAS . . . toys from our Fashion Pattern Dept.

● Patterns and directions for making are available now.

● These toys have been specially designed by our Fashion Pattern Department to help mothers fill the Christmas stocking at little cost.

● Scraps from the remnant bag, pieces from worn-out skirts, jackets, dresses, are all the materials needed to make any of these charming toys.

● Full directions for making are included with the patterns, which are available at all the offices of The Australian Women's Weekly. When ordering, please give names of the toys you want.

● If ordering by mail, enclose necessary amount, send your order to "Pattern Department" in the address in your own State as under:

Box 3884, G.P.O., Adelaide.
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Box 1252, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 4003W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 1580, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 3623W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)



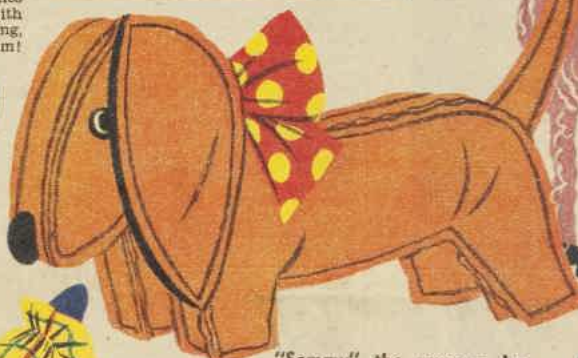
"Elias" the elephant
Such a handsome chap. You can make him from 1½yds. of strong material and decorate with fancy bits and pieces. 10 inches high. Pattern with directions for making, 1/4. They'll adore him!



"Dismal" the duck
Scraps from your remnant bag will make this cute fellow. 1yd. is sufficient. He stands 10in. high. Pattern and directions, 1/4.



"Ronald" the rabbit
Is shown left. Perky, isn't he? 1yd. will make him, and 1yd. 36in. wide for clothes. Size 10in. Clothes pattern included along with directions, price 1/6.



"Sammy" the sausage dog
Snappy piece of work is "Sammy." Note his cute bow. Requires 1½yds. 36in. wide. Size 10in. Pattern and directions, 1/4.



"Rufus" the novelty dog
Grown-ups will love "Rufus," too. He stands 10in. high. Requires 1yd. 36in. wide. Pattern and directions, 1/4.



"Cuddle" the lamb
Will spell joy for some little tot. Requires 1yd. 36in. wide. Pattern and directions, 1/4.



"Katie" the koala
She's so gentle and cuddlesome. Requires 1yd. dark and 1yd. light, 36in. wide. Size 10in. Pattern, 1/4. Choose a nice, soft fabric.



"Woollie Winkle"
A darling, you'll agree. Let him match your wee girl's frock. She'll take him everywhere! Requires 1yd. 36in. wide. 10in. high. Pattern and directions, 1/4.



"Dorothy" the doll
Sweet and lovely in every way. She is 22in. long. Requires 1yd. for body, 1yd. for clothes, and 3yds. lace for trimming. Patterns for body, clothes, and printed face complete, for 2/11. Do make her for your cherub.

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A teaspoon of Schumann's in a long glass of warm water every morning.

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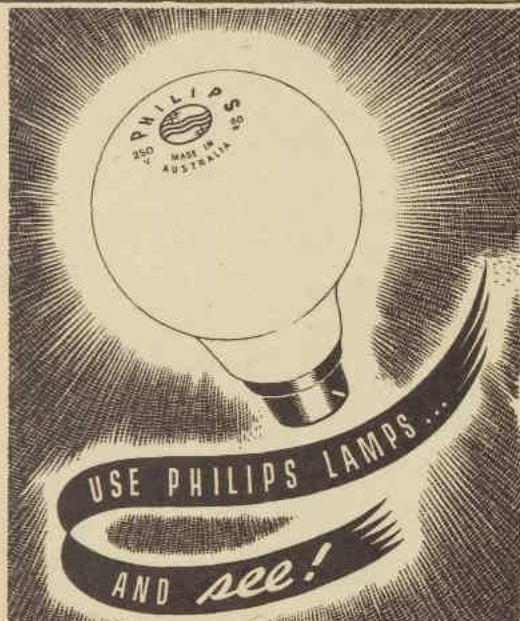
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and brighter quickly. Aches and pains leave you, you concentrate better, work is no longer a burden, play is fun. The whole system is braced up and rejuvenated as a natural result of revitalised nerves and arteries recharged with new, rich, red blood cells and living oxygen. Try BIDO-MAK for 14 days under a money-back guarantee that you will feel stronger and show a general all-round improvement in your health within that time.



"The Tonic of the Century"

Bidomak

The Treasure Chest

Continued from page 9

HORN shook his head. "No; she'd have recognised Coy. The impostor was Shannon, who'd been a year here at Ono Cove kicking round for Li Chang's treasure. Now he was throwing in once more with Hibbs and Coy—who were guarding Father Michael in the next room."

"But that precious pair," I protested, "got off at Kieta!"

"Only long enough to hire some native yawl for Snark Island. We were three days unloading at Kieta, so they beat us to Snark. And they knew something, by then. On the way from Papeete Hibbs had prowled Suzanne's cabin. He'd found and read her letter of introduction to Father Michael. So all they needed was to make Snark Island ahead of us, and frame Shannon to pose as Father Michael."

I saw it clearly. Ten minutes would be long enough for Suzanne to present her letter and confide everything.

"Shannon told her she'd better return, for the night, to her cabin on the ship," continued Horn. "No decent place for her to stop ashore," he said. In the morning she could join him at the mission, where he would have a crew of his most trustworthy laymen assembled. Together they would go to a clump of Javanese bamboo less than a mile off in the bush. They would dig up the chest and bring it to the mission. Once she saw it so delivered and ac-

cepted, she would go her way with blessings from the Church."

"She suspected nothing?" "Why should she? She was young, Sullivan, and inexperienced. She thanked him and went back to the boat. I met her there. She said her business was under way and would be finished quickly in the morning."

"I rowed her back to the ship. A hot, sticky night it was, just like this one, with the trades overdue. But in spite of the heat, that evening Suzanne seemed happier than I'd ever seen her. The mate started a phonograph, and she wanted to dance. So we danced on deck, while the big red ball of a moon dropped beyond the palms of Snark Island. And all that while Shannon and company, you can be sure, were busy ashore."

I nodded. "Digging under Javanese bamboo, of course."

"Aye, digging for dear life. Shannon'd been round long enough to know the lay of the land. Javanese bamboo was the only clue he needed. Before morning they dug up that chest."

"You found it empty, of course, after they'd stripped it?"

"They didn't strip it that night," he said. "Understand, they didn't have much time. Father Michael might get free any minute and set the whole island on their heels. So the lubbies only opened the chest long enough to make sure it was no blind haul. Then they closed it and made off through the bush."

"Tracks?" I questioned. "Only to the first creek, which they waded to tidewater, then knee-deep along tidewater to another creek and up this. You see their position, Sullivan. That night they had no chance to steal a sea-going boat and get clear of the island. So they only lugged the chest as far as they could, and then hid it safely. They went back to Shannon's shack. And at nine in the morning I took Suzanne ashore. She went one way, toward the mission, and I the other, toward the store."

"Before I got there I passed a beach shack and saw Hibbs and Coy on the steps of it. I'd left them at Kieta, so it worried me to find them here. They grinned at me like alley cats, and I saw a big bald man, Shannon, come out to join them. He had a bottle of beer, and he drank my health in derision. Then, far down the beach, I heard a cry. It was Suzanne at the mission. She was waving, calling me, and I went there on the run. She took me inside to Father Michael, who was still trussed up and all but smothered."

A HEAVY frown creased his brow. Then he went on. "Well, we released the priest. Suzanne told us everything. It was my first knowledge of her real errand. It made me fighting mad, but no madder than Father Michael. There was Irish in that priest."

"I asked him if he knew where Javanese bamboo grew, and he did. He took us up a path into the bush. We came to a bamboo thicket and saw a swath of fresh cuttings. At the end of it we found a hole which had held the chest. Right away we knew who'd grabbed it."

"You could have had Shannon arrested," I put in. "for impersonating a priest."

"Aye, and Father Michael wanted to do just that. He wanted to send over to Kieta for the resident commissioner, and swear out a warrant against Shannon. But by the time we got back to the mission, we cooled off a bit. It boiled down to this: Suzanne had no more legal right to that chest than Shannon. It was treasure trove, and so a case of finders keepers. Possession of it was at least nine points of the law, if not ten. Courts would have a hard time proving it to be Cutler's foot, after fifty-seven years; and if by any chance they did prove it, it might be confiscated by the State."

And Suzanne, I agreed, would lose her objective, which was to turn the fortune into channels of charity. "So what did you do?"

"Suzanne and I went back to the boat. I was still fighting mad, blaming myself for letting Hibbs paw a cabin on my ship. 'Leave it to me, miss,' I said. 'I'll get it back if I have to stay here a week.'"

"But you can't delay here that long," she protested.

"I told her I could, if I stretched a point. As you know, Sullivan, I

own a third interest in this little freighter, and the other owners give me a pretty free hand. 'But what,' she worried, 'could you do in a week, or a month, or even a year?'

"I didn't know. But I sent her out to the ship and then went to have a showdown with the Shannon crowd. I saw all three of 'em on the stoop of Shannon's shack, and Hibbs sang out: 'Yer ain't lost anything, 'ave yer, mytey?' Then I knew it was no good starting a row right there. They'd be too smart to keep that chest in the shack. So I passed by and went on to the store."

"To confide," I asked, "in your friend the manager?"

Horn shook his head. "No, I just asked him to get me a couple of honest natives. I specified big, strong fellows, and they must be converts of Father Michael's flock. The manager furnished me with two young chiefs of a religious turn, and I soon found out they thought the sun rose and set in Father Michael."

"I put one of them to keeping an eye on the Shannon bunch, and the other one to watching all power-boats along the beach. I thought Shannon'd be making a break for the open sea with that treasure."

"And did he?"

"He did not. The only move they made was to the pub each day, where they soaked up plenty of beer. I borrowed a motor-boat and moored it, without a padlock, at a pier close to the Shannon shack. Thought I could tempt 'em to steal that boat. We were watching like weasels all the time. But they didn't make any play for it. The week passed, and nothing happened. Every day I went out to the ship and saw Suzanne. She gave up all hope. And so did I. I couldn't keep anchor there forever—it wasn't fair to my owners."

Please turn to page 28



Ford Pills have made me a new woman. It's marvellous to be free from the days of depression and pain I used to suffer every time. Ford Pills prevent Constipation and the congestion that causes thousands of women to suffer needless pain and misery. Ford Pills contain the concentrated extracts that give you the valuable laxative properties of fruit to keep you fit in Nature's way. Start a course of Ford Pills to-day. Get genuine Ford Pills in the unbreakable tubes that (for your protection) are now sealed with a Red Seal. You can get large size tubes only just now for 2/6 everywhere.

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Astor has again fulfilled a war demand. A broadcasting station ten miles up is now an accomplished fact in electronics. Today, actual weather conditions of the stratosphere are transmitted from a tiny radio set borne aloft by a gas-filled balloon. This delicate instrument — its work completed — eventually parachutes to earth.



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CONFIDENTIALLY, there's no need to suffer those acute periodic pains and discomforts. Women who know just take a simple Midene tablet in water and avoid being a misery to themselves and to others. Price: 2/- box. Sufficient for several months.

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DO YOU KNOW?

First Government Dentist. In 1400, tooth-drawer Matthew Flint of London was paid 6d. daily at the Exchequer "that he should do what pertains to his art to any poor lieges of the King who may need it, without receiving payment from them".



Cleopatra was the most famous glamour girl of her time — yet her only husband was her own brother. Thorough cleansing twice daily with Koly nos Dental Cream makes teeth sparkle, gives new brilliance to any smile. Because it makes them cleaner Koly nos makes teeth whiter.



Sioux Indians believe white men have poor teeth because of the lies which pass over them. Do you know that dental caries attack first the spots which are hardest to clean? Between the teeth, for instance, and in the indentations of the grinding surfaces. Koly nos removes those dangerous food deposits which harbour decay germs.



A Scotsman cut three sets of teeth.

He lived to be 110. Note for those with Scotch instincts — Koly nos is the dental cream that goes further. Half an inch on a dry brush is plenty.

Gunpowder to clean teeth! In the early nineteenth century, gunpowder was a popular dentifrice.



"It looked," I agreed, "like a stalemate."

"It did," Horn assented, "until I noticed that Shannon and his two mates always kept in a close bunch. When they went to the pub, it was together, and they always came back together. No two of them ever let the third out of sight. It meant that while we were watching them, they in turn were watching each other."

"Gyppers like that wouldn't be likely to trust one another," I agreed.

Horn chuckled. "Once I figured that far, it was easy. That night I took my two big blacks and hid out back of the shack. We saw our three men come home about midnight all bleary, and I gave 'em two hours to get fast asleep. Then I slipped in and got my fingers on Hibbs' windpipe. He had no chance to make even a peep, and I got him out of there without disturbing the others. I picked Hibbs because he was a lightweight and easily carried. We simply kidnapped that little scoundrel and hid him in a warehouse down the beach.

"Then I started the engine of the motor-boat and made as much noise with it as I could. I ran it past Shannon's shack, killed the motor, cranked it again, then went banging out to sea and round to another cove.

"The racket woke up Shannon and Coy. They saw that Hibbs was gone. A power-boat had just put to sea. It looked like a run-out. And in the morning I got my friend the store manager to do me a favor. I asked him to go up and down the beach making a fuss about somebody stealing his boat last night. To Shannon and Coy it looked plain as day that Hibbs had skipped with the chest. So they went to find out."

"You followed them, I take it."

"With one of my blacks," Horn grinned. "The other was guarding Hibbs at the warehouse, Shannon and Coy led us straight to a pool, two miles up the bush, where they'd sunk the chest in ten feet of water.

The Treasure Chest

Continued from page 26

"Well, that's all, Sullivan. Except for a broken head or two—and this." Horn touched the knife scar on his cheek. "I got it from Shannon," he said, "just before I laid him out cold. My black man had a barong, and for a minute, in the thick of it, he forgot his religion. He was the son of cannibals, you understand. When he tied into Coy with that barong, it looked as if he was out after trophies. I managed to call him off, just in the nick of time.

"We fished the chest from the pool and took it down to the mission. Suzanne was waiting there. She helped us put it on the altar. Then we called in Father Michael.

"Half for home missions, half for relief of starving Chinese," Suzanne told him.

"Then," Horn said, "she turned to me, thanked me with tears in her eyes, and wanted to know how she could repay me. 'All I want,' I said, 'is the empty chest.'"

"She asked why I wanted it, and I fished for a reason. The best I could think of was: 'Well, miss, so that when I'm an old man and tell this to my grandchildren, they'll know I'm not yarning.'"

"Really, I had a better reason, as you'll see in a moment. Suzanne and Father Michael were glad to let me have the empty chest. So we emptied it, put the gold and jewels in copra bags, and stored 'em in the mission vaults.

"An hour later Shannon and Coy came limping out of the bush. At the same time we let Hibbs loose from the warehouse. All three of 'em saw Suzanne and me parade to a beached boat with four big blacks. The four blacks had that chest, and they carried it as if it was heavy. Every few steps they set it down to rest. Shannon's crowd saw all that. They saw it put into a boat and go out to the ship with Suzanne and me. We sailed on the sunset tide."

"A neat take-off, Captain," I applauded. "With the Shannon crowd dead sure the treasure went away on the ship, they were less likely to raid the mission vaults. You and Suzanne, I suppose, sailed to Suva?"

"Aye," Horn said, "and dropped anchor right where we are now." His face clouded. "A French liner was in harbor. Suzanne said goodbye to me and boarded it for Papeete."

"You've seen her since, though."

"To my surprise he said: 'No, I never saw her again.'"

"Or heard from her?"

"Nor heard from her. But I've heard often from Father Michael. His face brightened a trifle. 'He's kept me posted about his disbursements of the treasure. He got half of it into the hands of relief agencies in China, all right. And with the other half he built a fine church on Snark Island. I had a card from him just the other day, with a picture of it. He calls it the Cathedral of Ste Suzanne.' Horn began raking through a desk drawer, looking for the card.

"Know what he did, Sullivan? He built that church on the exact spot where the chest was buried for fifty-seven years. Cleared off that Javanese bamboo, and put it right there. He'd fill it with Solomon Islanders, he said, every one of them descended from the cannibals that butchered Bully Outler."

Horn found the card and passed it to me. It was an ordinary picture postcard in color, showing a handsome mission church with a high spire, its cross framed against a background of tropic bush. Beneath this, in his fine staunch hand, Father Michael had written a verse from Isaiah. I read:

"Instead of the thorn shall come

up the fir tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree; and it shall be to the Lord for a name, an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off."

"A blessing instead of a curse," Horn murmured.

"But I can't understand why you haven't heard from Suzanne."

"Can't you?" He turned on me almost fiercely.

And then I knew—or thought I did. He was in love with Suzanne Andres. And yet he couldn't quite forget she was the granddaughter of a Chinese pirate.

I nodded slowly. And my face perhaps was too expressive. Or maybe Horn was psychic that night. For he read accurately what was in my mind.

And it angered him. He stood up, towered over me, and the scar from Shannon's knife flashed white on his crimson cheek.

"No, you fool!" he blazed at me. "Do you think I'd care about that?"

Something was bursting inside of him. For all this past year he'd kept it locked there—and now it came with a rush: "I didn't let her go, Sullivan. She turned me down. I don't know why I'm telling you. Except I can't let you think I'm a cheap snob. Just before she transferred to the French liner, I asked her to marry me. She said no."

He sat down, his face hard and hurt. And there didn't seem to be anything I could say. Father Michael's card was still in my hand. To shift the subject, I referred to it again. "You might lose this, old chap, if you keep it in the litter of that desk. Why don't you keep it in the treasure chest, where it belongs?"

Without waiting for permission, I opened the chest to drop the card in.

Then I saw that the chest wasn't quite empty. Horn, I knew, thought it was empty. I remembered his saying he hadn't touched it since bringing it aboard at Snark Island.

Now, at the bottom of the chest, I saw a dainty pink note. It was addressed to Captain Horn in French.

Had she put it here just before leaving this deck, a year ago?

I fished it out and passed it to Horn. "If you weren't so dumb," I said, "you'd've known right where to look—for treasure."

His eyes stared. Then he snatched the note and read eagerly . . . In



THE GAY 'NINETIES era is recalled by this azure-blue silk with a quaint print of black-and-white stage-coaches, balloons, and spinning-wheels. The dressmaker suit features a short jacket with a peplum effect and a tailored black velvet collar.

an instant he had forgotten I was there.

The next thing I knew he was charging on deck and bawling for the mate. I heard him routing all hands and shouting for steam.

By dawn we'd weighed anchor and were slipping out to sea. I knew whither, without asking. Still, I kept coaxing until I got my hands on that note again, and translated:

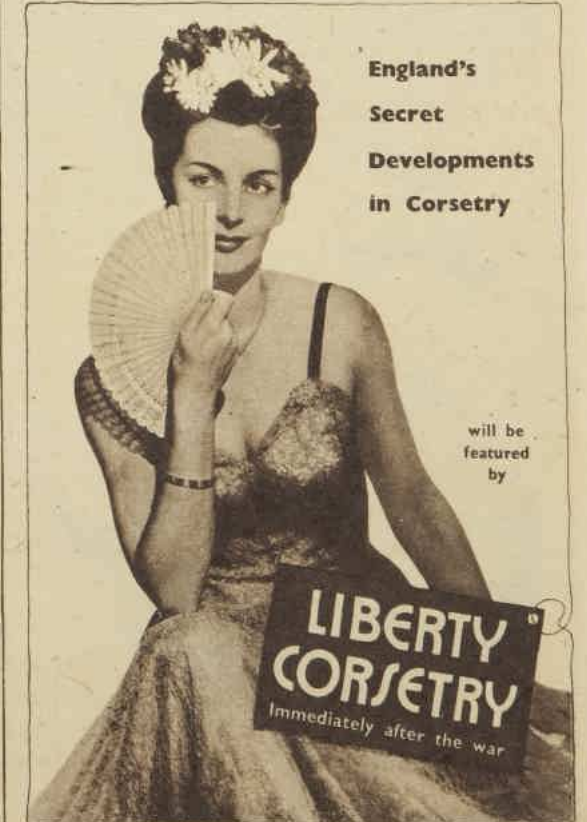
"Monsieur the captain: 'You have told me you wish to show the chest to your grandchildren, when you tell them this story.'"

"Do you want them to be part of it?"

"Please think of this for the long time, my captain; and if in the end it makes no difference, then come to me at Papeete."

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England's
Secret
Developments
in Corsetry



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Also manufacturers of world-famous Nu-Back Corsettes and Kestos Brassieres

Our cover design:

SPRINGTIME JUMPER

• Light, smart, and practical—just the woolly for cooler afternoons and evenings. Beginners can make it with ease.

MATERIALS: Eight skeins (short sleeves), 10 skeins (long sleeves), "Sun-Glo" shrinkproof crochet wool or 4-ply fingering wool shade No. 2138 (red); 2 pairs needles Nos. 10 and 12; 3 small buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 19½ in.; bust, 32-34 in.; length of sleeve seam, 51 in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together.

Tension: Thirteen sts., 2 in.; 17 rows, 2 in.

Miss Precious Minutes says:



A GOOD HOMEMAKER... she polishes window-sills inside and out to preserve the paint and keep them ever fresh—Olive Lester, of the Bob Dyer Show.

GATHER roses for home decoration before morning sun touches them. Immerse up to necks immediately in bucket of water. They'll keep longer.

FRUIT stains can usually be removed from linen if treated at once. Place stained portion over large bowl, and pour boiling water over it.

IF your carpet looks dowdy, clean, and then brighten up by sponging over with vinegar water. Use one small cup vinegar to each gallon of water.

SUMMER'S coming—and so are the moths if you don't watch out! Clear, clean, and spray every cupboard; air clothes, brush and clean regularly. Wash all woolies before packing away.

THE BACK
Using No. 12 needles, cast on 96 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3½ in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and work in st-st., increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 110 sts. When work measures 12½ in., shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. When armholes measure 7 in., shape shoulders by casting off 7 sts. at the beginning of the next 8 rows. Cast off.

POCKETS (2)
Using No. 10 needles, cast on 25 sts. Work in st-st. for 2½ in., ending with a k row. Leave on spare needle.

FRONT
Work the same as for back to armholes. Cast off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 2 tog., k 8, * (p 1, k 1) 12 times, p 1 turn, (k 1 p 1) 12 times, k 1, turn, * repeat from * to * twice, cast off 25 sts. in ribbing. Join wool, k 28, repeat from * to * 3 times, cast off 25 sts. in ribbing. Join wool, k 8, k 2 tog.

Next Row: P 2 tog., p 7, p the 25 sts. of 1 pocket, p 28, p the 21 sts. of 2nd pocket, p 7, p 2 tog.

Next Row: K 44, leave remaining 50 sts. on spare needle.

Next Row: Cast on 6 sts., k into back of cast-on sts., p to last 2 sts., p 2 tog. Continue in st-st., keeping the 6 cast-on sts. in garter-st., and p 2 tog. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times. When armhole measures 3½ in., cast off 8 sts. at neck edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge of the next 5 rows, then every 2nd row until decreased to 28 sts. When armhole measures 7 in., shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 4 times. Join wool at centre front (k 1, p 1) 3 times, k to end.

Next Row: P 2 tog., p to last 6 sts., (k 1, p 1) 3 times. Continue to keep 6 centre sts. in rib and p



A LOVELY RED was chosen for this charming handknit, designed to fit sizes 32-34. You can, of course, knit it in any color to suit yourself.

2 tog. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times, at the same time make buttonholes as follows: First one being 1 in. above opening and 1 more 1 in. above 1st buttonhole.

Buttonholes: 1st Row: K 1, p 1, cast off 2 sts., work to end.

2nd Row: Work to last 2 sts., cast on 2 sts., k 1, p 1. When armhole measures 3½ in., at the 6 rib sts. on to a spare needle and leave for neckband, cast off 2 sts., k to end. K 2 tog. at neck edge of the next 5 rows, then every 2nd row until decreased to 28 sts. When armhole measures 7 in., shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 4 times.

SHORT SLEEVES
Using No. 12 needles, cast on 70 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1½ in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and work in st-st., increasing 1 st. each end of every 4th row until increased to 88 sts. When sleeve seam measures 5 in., k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 28 sts. Cast off.

LONG SLEEVES
Using No. 12 needles, cast on 58 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3 in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and work in st-st., increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 88 sts. When sleeve seam measures 19 in., k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 28 sts. Cast off.

NECKBAND
Join shoulder seams. With right side of work toward you, using No. 12 needles, rib the 6 sts. of right front, then pick up and k about 108 sts. round neck (112 sts.). Work 2 rows rib of k 1, p 1.

Next Row: Rib to last 4 sts., cast off 2 sts., rib 2 sts.

Next Row: Rib 2 sts., cast on 2 sts., rib to end. Work 2 rows ribbing. Cast off in ribbing.

SHOULDER PADS
Using No. 10 needles, cast on 24 sts. Work 24 rows st-st. Cast off. Fold in half, pad with cotton-wool, and sew up edges.

FACIAL HAIRS

Brush unightly facial hairs with the aid of "VANIX." Firstly obtain a bottle of "Vanix" and follow the simple directions. After the first few applications the hairs will become less and less noticeable, then will gradually wither as the

"VANIX"

penetrates deeper and deeper into the hair tissues. Finally the devastating effects of "VANIX" will destroy the hairs permanently. Obtainable price 5/11 a bottle (Posted 4/11). from Reilly's Pharmacy, 379 Little Collins Street, Melbourne, and Birks Chemists, Ltd., 57 and 78 Rundle St., Adelaide, or direct from the manufacturers, The Van Schöler (Aust.) Coy., Box 38A, G.P.O., Melbourne.

Quick!
Relief from
FLU aches

BOTTLE OF 24, 1/3
BOTTLE OF 100, 4/-



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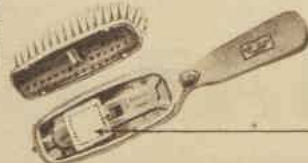
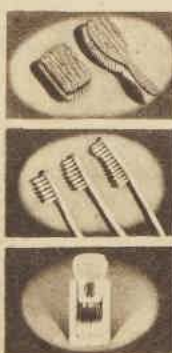
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OUT TO WASH
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NEVER SPOIL
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ABSOLUTE
CLEANLINESS
AT BRISTLE ROOTS

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PERFUME HAIRBRUSH

Brushes beauty and fragrance into your hair. • KENT-CHIEF "Allure" Hairbrushes are not at present available for sale in Australia. Members of the public desiring the earliest possible delivery of these outstanding brushes should write to:—Hillocraft (Pty.) Ltd., 44 (1/3) Kent St., Sydney, New South Wales, Australia, mentioning the name of the store in which they would like the brush supplied. Prices are not yet fixed but when supplies are available they will be notified and if for any reason they do not at that time wish to accept delivery they will be under no obligation to do so.

★ NOTE
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"We've done our best to send a good supply of Hoyle's Super-Merriespun to your shops this summer! Not as much as we would like to send... but honestly, don't you think we've done a pretty good job to get even a little out to you in the midst of all these Invasion plans?"

And you know Hoyle's Super-Merriespun! So cool to wear. So beautifully smooth

... and it keeps its smooth, cool finish after any amount of washing. Hoyle's Super-Merriespun is unconditionally guaranteed for washability and fast colours."



Hoyle's
SUPER
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DAD'S CONVINCED TOO!



Most of the things we eat have not sufficient sodium chloride or common salt, the chief mineral substance in blood, and so we use this extensively as a seasoning. Australian flour has many excellent properties but it is below normal in phosphate, and phosphate is essential for every part of our living bodies. Hence the use of phosphate baking powder, or self-raising flour in which phosphate is present, commends itself to the nutritional expert for consumption in all ages but particularly in the growing boy and girl.

Professor W. A. OSBORNE, M.B.E., F.R.S.

BETTER BAKING

plus

BETTER HEALTH... FOR ALL THE FAMILY

... AT NO EXTRA COST

It's easy... all you have to do is ask your grocer for "a packet of self-raising flour with the "A&W" Seal."

It won't cost you anything extra!

Easy to get, too—for leading brands of self-raising flour throughout Australia have the "A&W" seal on the packet—your guarantee that only "A&W" phosphate is contained in the flour as the pure raising ingredient and flour enricher. Phosphate is a vital health element in the diet of every family hence the importance of milk and cheese. However, the family diet needs EXTRA phosphate which can only be

obtained by adding it to your food. You can do this by baking scones, sponges and cakes with flour containing "A&W" Phosphate. For modern efficiency too, nine out of ten professional pastrycooks use "A&W" phosphate in their baking. For it is the unanimous opinion of all good cooks that "A&W" Phosphate ensures perfect texture, raising and flavour in all baking... it never fails! You can depend on self-raising flour containing "A&W" Phosphate for better baking and better health for all the family. And that's why dad's convinced mum's right again.

A & W PHOSPHATE

The Pure Raising Ingredient and Flour Enricher

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Distributed by
IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES OF AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND LIMITED



Brighter housework for husbands

● Give your tired but thoughtful husband a laughter-raising gift like this apron and he won't mind wiping the dishes, or bathing the kiddies, or even polishing the kitchen for you!

THE average man knows that his wife never goes on strike, and that the sun never sets on her homekeeping service. So he shows his appreciation in these difficult days by helping with the chores.

He does not, of course, change from his business suit or his mili-



APRON AND CIGAR help Bob Dyer, of radio fame, through the mighty task of washing-up. This apron of natural hessian features a colored felt rooster gazing wistfully through wire-netting of embroidery thread. Why not copy?

tary uniform for the after-dinner washing-up. Surveying the pile of dishes he might slip off his coat and push up the cuffs of his shirt.

Sometimes his very practical, far-sighted wife endeavors to tie one of her aprons round him in order to "save" his suit, but this appears to hurt his manly dignity.

But make this amusing laughter-raising apron, illustrated top right (or one like it), and you'll rope him in with ease.

It was made from one yard of dyed blue hessian. The white border and pockets and woman's tiny colorful skirt came from the scrap-bag.

The figures are worked in black mending-thread. The rope you must find in your shed or laundry, or beg from your friends—13 inches of it.

The shoulder-strap, 24 inches long, and ties, 35 inches, are of hessian 2 inches wide, doubled over, turned in and machined with dark cotton. The apron is 1 yard square, and shaped 24 inches from the lower hem to form the bib-top 13 inches across.

The white triangles in the border measure 31 inches across the base.



HERE'S A CLOSE-UP of the amusing design. Instructions for making are given on this page.

The inner points of the triangles are one inch from the edge of the apron, and the outer point of the triangle is 3 inches from the edge of the apron. Machine white material along edge of the apron on wrong side. Turn white material to the right side of apron, pin into position, turn in the edges, and machine with white cotton.

How to make pockets

POCKETS are fashioned of one piece of material, 19 inches along the bottom, 11 inches at each side, and rising to 17 inches in the middle, which allows 1 inch turn-in at the top of each pocket. Work the figures on the pocket material, press flat, then sew to apron, stitching down the centre as well as the sides and bottom, thus forming 2 pockets.



JUST MARRIED and roped in—John Saul, of the Bob Dyer Show, thinks it fun to help with the housework in this apron. Try it out on that nice husband of yours.

All measurements allow for turning in.

The amusing pocket design can be easily copied from the diagram shown above. The man's dejected air and the woman's air of triumph can be pencilled in and worked in stem-stitch. The lines of the bodies are in double-chain stitch. The 13 inches of rope fastened to the material after the machining of the pocket run under the outlines of the pocket man's neck and the woman's hands. The woman's skirt, 4 1/2 inches across the bottom hem and 3 inches down the side seams, is slip-stitched on.

Relieve Eczema and Itching Skin

IF you suffer from Eczema or other itching skin complaints, don't delay proper treatment another day. When care is not taken, there is a tendency for the continued irritations and unsightly eruptions of the skin to spread and become chronic. Doan's Ointment will give you quick relief, for it penetrates to the true skin where the inflammation lies. It is antiseptic, healing, and quickly allays the irritation. Be sure you get Doan's Ointment today.

Doan's Ointment

Handy in Home & Garden

HAR BUTT'S 'Plasticine'

The ever-plastic material with a 101 domestic uses



SCARCE EGGS NEXT YEAR



Coughing, Asthma, Bronchitis Curbed in 3 Minutes

Do you have attacks of Asthma or Bronchitis so bad that you can't sleep? Do you feel weak, unable to work, and have to be careful not to take cold and catch certain foods?

No matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried, there is new hope for you in a doctor's prescription called Mendaco. No doses, no smokes, no injections, no atomizer. All you do is take two tasteless tablets at meals and in 3 minutes Mendaco starts working through your blood, aiding nature to remove phlegm, promote free easy breathing, and bring sound sleep the first night so that you soon feel years younger and stronger.

No Asthma in 2 Years

Mendaco not only brings almost immediate comfort and free breathing but builds up the system to ward off future attacks. For instance, J. Richards, Hamilton, Ont., Canada, had lost 40 lbs., suffered coughing every night, couldn't sleep. Mendaco

stopped Asthma spasms first night and he has had none since in over two years.

Money Back Guarantee

The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work circulating through your blood and helping nature relieve you of the effects of Asthma. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel fully satisfied after taking Mendaco, just return the empty package and the full purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your chemist to-day and see how well you sleep to-night and how much better you will feel to-morrow. The guarantee protects you.

RELIEVES ASTHMA

Mendaco
Now in 2 sizes . . . 6/- and 12/-.

Ankles Swollen, Backache, Nervous, Kidneys Strained?

If you're feeling out of sorts, have Broken Rest, or suffer from Dizziness, Nervousness, Backache, Leg Pains, Rheumatism, Swollen Ankles, Excess Acidity, or Loss of Energy, and feel old before your time, Kidney and Bladder Weakness may be the true cause.

Wrong foods and drinks, worry, colds, or overwork may create an excess of acids and place a heavy strain on your kidneys, so that they function poorly and need help to properly refresh your blood and maintain health and energy.

Help Kidneys Doctor's Way

Many Doctors have discovered by scientific clinical test and in actual practice that a quick and modern way to help the kidneys clean out excess poisons and acids is with a scientific

prepared prescription called Cystex. Hundreds and hundreds of Doctors' records prove this. And former sufferers write daily, saying that they feel vastly improved in 24 to 48 hours after taking Cystex.

Guaranteed to Satisfy or Money Back

Get Cystex from your chemist today. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, or your money back if you return the empty package. Act now! Now in 2 sizes—4/-, 8/-.

This is a **GUARANTEED** Treatment for Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism.

Value of parsley in children's diet

By SISTER MARY JACOB.

PARSLEY is a very easily grown herb, and yet it is used mostly for decorative purposes.

We should all use more of it in our diet, and every mother with little children should know its valuable vitamin and mineral values.

It contains far more vitamin C than orange juice.

It also contains the valuable vitamin A, which is needed by all young things, as it helps to build and protect the body, and its absence from the diet has a bad effect upon the eyes.

Iron which is also needed for the blood is contained in parsley in liberal amounts.

Parsley should not be cooked, but added only two or three minutes before dishing up the foods to which it is added.

Mix finely minced parsley with butter, margarine, or beef-dripping and use for sandwich spreads. Marmite, peanut butter, or grated cheese and onion are delicious when added to the parsley for sandwich-fillings. Add to white sauce, scrambled or steamed eggs. Sprinkle over salads, soups, mix into mashed potatoes (cooked first in their jackets).

A leaflet on the importance of minerals in good nutrition can be obtained from our Mothercraft Service Bureau by sending a stamped addressed envelope to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 408BW, G.P.O., Sydney. Please endorse your envelope, "Mothercraft."

A Foursome on the Links... BUT A THREESOME IN THE CLUBHOUSE!



You may be an "out-door type" but don't think that's the only reason if people find you less attractive indoors. Away from the fresh air, "B.O." soon becomes noticeable. If you want to keep on the fairway with your girl, your friends, your boss, bathe with Lifebuoy daily—the soap with the famous health element that guards personal freshness. Its rich, protective lather stops "B.O." And Lifebuoy is gentle enough for a baby's skin.

FROM HEAD TO TOE, IT STOPS "B.O."

A LEVER PRODUCT

W.100.26

Take one THIN boy



Give him one  every day



slices of buttered



wholemeal bread

With  ounce of



Cheese

And $\frac{1}{2}$ a pint of



Then very soon you have
a strong healthy boy

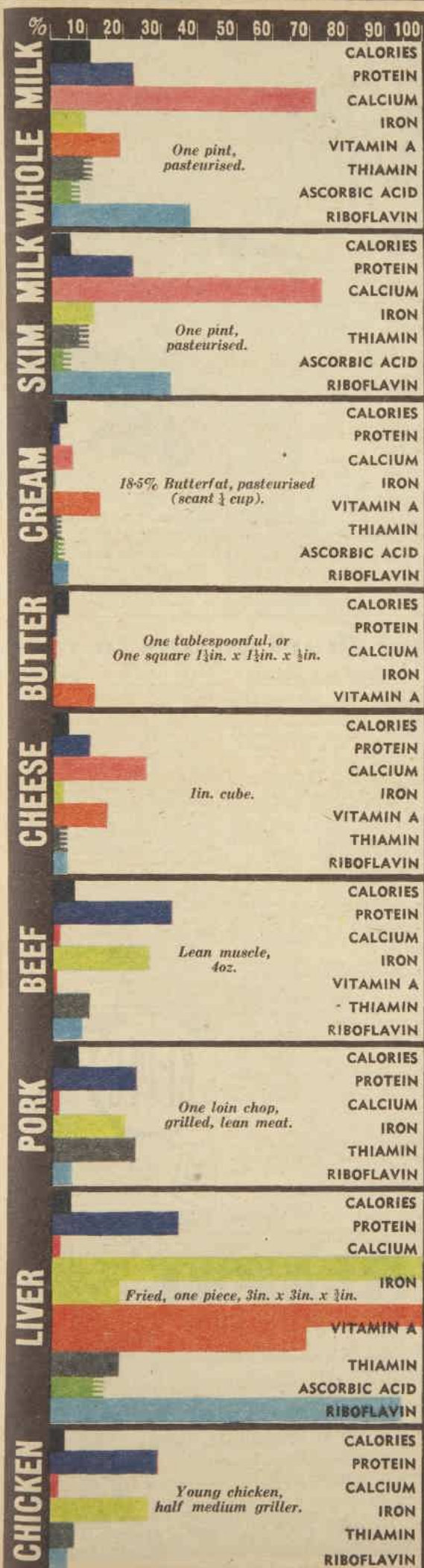
During 1940 and 1941, Oslo Lunch experiments were carried out at the Opportunity Clubs in Melbourne and the Camperdown Children's Playground, Sydney. After three months, Oslo Lunch children gained an average of over 7 lbs. in weight . . . more than twice as much as children on ordinary lunches! The standard Oslo Lunch consists of 3 slices of buttered wholemeal bread, one ounce of Kraft Cheese, half a pint of milk, and an apple, orange, or a serving of salad vegetables such as lettuce, tomato and the like.

It's the

OSLO LUNCH



This announcement is brought to you by the makers of Kraft Cheese.



What this food chart means to you

● Here's a food chart explained for you by Olwen Francis (our food and cookery expert) and Medico. It shows you the vital constituents of common foods.



Serve salads daily. This salad has cheese cubes in tomato stars with orange, pineapple, and garden-fresh lettuce.

YOUR market basket carries home meat and vegetables, cereals and dairy produce. These contain food elements that in one or two hours after your meal will be transformed into the living, working YOU.

Save your time, money, and energy by carrying home those foods that your body needs.

Your body needs food for working energy, for growth and development, and for maintenance and repair, for resistance to disease, and for general vitality and that sense of fitness that makes life worth living.

Study the chart on this page.

The top percentage figures to 100 represent the full day's requirements of the various food classes.

The centre quantity, printed in the middle of each block, is the usual service portion, the amount the chart represents.

For example, the first block of the chart represents one pint of milk, which gives you 10 per cent. of the calories required for the day, more than 20 per cent. of the required protein, and so on.

Each section of the chart is divided into the most outstanding dietary needs of the body.

CALORIES.—The energy or work power units. Cereals are the important source of calories.

PROTEINS are essential for building and repairing muscular tissue. Meat, milk, cheese, and eggs are the most important source. Nuts and legume vegetables (peas, beans, and lentils) are a second-grade source.

CALCIUM is necessary for the healthy development and maintenance of teeth and bones. Notice in the chart the richness of milk and cheese in calcium. Leafy and green vegetables are also a source.

IRON is an essential mineral. Notice the meats, particularly liver, are sources of iron. Whole cereals, eggs, and dark green vegetables are other sources.

VITAMIN A is a food element essential for general vitality, health of eyes, breathing, and digestive tracts. Of the foods listed in chart, liver is the richest in A. Other sources are milk and animal fats, as egg-yolk, fish oil, cream, cheese, suet. Carrots are a source of A.

Vitamin A is partly destroyed by cooking.

THIAMIN is sometimes referred to as Vitamin B1. It is the tonic vitamin that affects the general tone of the body. Notice the value of meat and milk here. Yeast, eggs, whole cereals, leafy greens, and citrus fruits are other sources.

ASCORBIC ACID is known as Vitamin C. None of the foods listed are worth-while sources of this. Fresh fruit and vegetables are rich in C, especially the citrus fruits, and cabbage and tomatoes. It strengthens the body against infection and is concerned with the health of blood vessels, gums, and teeth. Is easily destroyed by cooking.

RIBOFLAVIN belongs to the Vitamin B complex. It is essential for growth and is necessary for health of eyes. Notice the richness of liver in this dietary factor. The best source is bakers' yeast. Milk is the chief source of this vitamin for children. Eggs and leafy greens are also sources.

There is no one food which will supply all the daily needs, but by combining the groups of foods in a day's menu you can fit your food to your daily needs.

A general understanding of the body's food requirements is essential to the menu maker. It enables her to shop intelligently, to buy foods to fit her family's needs, to serve foods that keep her family fit.

Let us consider in detail a few of the basic foods:—

Milk

THE expectant and nursing mother, the young child, and the adolescent require one quart of milk a day. Adults need one pint of milk a day.

Milk is an inexpensive food. Notice in the chart the contribution of one pint of milk to the daily needs. It is difficult to satisfy the body's needs for calcium unless the needed quantity of milk is taken.

Compare the value of skimmed milk and fresh milk. Ice-cream is an expensive way of buying a little milk, unless made at home. Cream has a lower value. A pound of butter is the fatty residue of two and a half gallons of milk. It is good economy to drink your butter-fat in the fresh milk.

MILK ON THE MENU

Milk for Breakfast.—Make it a habit to take half a pint of milk, hot or cold, with the breakfast

cereal, with brown sugar or with white, with honey or with dried fruits. Milk coffee rather than black for the adults.

Milk for Lunch.—Plan to take at least half a pint each luncheon as a straight drink or as an egg-flip or malted shake, in a light junket or cup custard.

Milk for Dinner.—Remember, each service is only a fraction of the milk used in the recipe. Include frequently, especially for the children, milk soups, custards, and milk puddings.

Make these basic recipes part of your kitchen routine:

Boiled Custard.—Half pint milk, teaspoon cornflour, 1 egg, 1 dessert-spoon sugar. Blend the cornflour with a little cold milk. Heat remainder of milk and sugar. Stir in cornflour and bring to boil. Cool slightly, add beaten egg, and cook very slowly (double pan may be used) until mixture coats spoon. Add flavoring.

Baked Custard.—Half pint milk, 2 eggs, 1oz. sugar, flavoring. Mix ingredients, pour into greased puffed. Bake very slowly until lightly set, about 30 minutes.

Cup Custard.—Grease cup or small custard mould. Pour in egg beaten with 1 teaspoon sugar. Stir in enough milk to nearly fill cup. Cover with grease-paper and steam until lightly set, about 15 minutes.

Egg-Flip.—Three-quarters cup milk, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon sugar, flavoring. Whip egg-yolk, sugar, flavoring, and milk. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-white and serve very cold.

Cheese

COMPARE the value of an inch cube of cheese with a pint of milk and a tablespoon of butter. It has most of the food value of milk and is superior in value to butter.

All cheese, whether mild, matured, or processed, has the same good food value. Mild cheese, sliced from the block, gives the best food value for your money.

Australia produces excellent cheeses, from mild-creamy blocks to sharp, mature ones, as well as finely flavored packaged processed cheeses. Australians should eat more cheese.

CHEESE ON THE TABLE

Try these salad combinations:— Cheese cubes (see picture) in tomato cases, with lettuce, pineapple, and orange.

Continued on page 34



... and Confidence—so essential to success in business and social life—is achieved by paying especial attention to personal freshness. No one can afford to take chances with perspiration odor; it is an unpardonable sin, and clothes, too, are ruined by carelessness.

FEM-IN-EX Deodorant Cream checks under-arm odor—takes only one second to apply—and keeps you protected for the whole day.

Remember, FEM-IN-EX is the guaranteed deodorant, delightful to use, and keeps its effectiveness all day long.

Sold at all Chemists and Stores in 3 sizes—price 1/6, 2/6, and 4/6.

**FULL SUPPLIES
OF
AUNT MARY'S
BAKING POWDER
AVAILABLE FROM
YOUR GROCER!**

First prize to light savory dish

● Light, hot savories suitable for warmer weather, a delicious sweet, and a cake to remind you Christmas is coming, win prizes this week for readers.

SALAD days are here again. Remember, main meal salads must be satisfying.

Try this week's first prize, the egg pie, well flavored with mint and cream cheese; cold, in wedges, with crisp salad greens and tomatoes, onions, and cucumber well marinated in vinegar.

The parsnip fritters are excellent served with a creamed egg sauce and hot, crisp curls of un-buttered Melba toast.

MINT AND EGG PIE

Four eggs, 4oz. cream cheese, 1 tablespoon chopped mint, 8oz. short pastry, pepper and salt.

Line a pie-plate with shortcrust. Spread generously with cream cheese. Break eggs on to cheese. Sprinkle with mint, salt and pepper. Cover with pastry, trim edges, and bake in hot oven for 20-25 minutes. Serve hot with vegetables and cold with salad.

First Prize of £1 to Miss L. Gregory, c/o Carlton South Post Office, Melbourne.

PARSNIP FRITTERS

Three medium-sized parsnips, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon melted fat, 1 teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons self-raising flour.

Cook parsnips in usual way, mash well, removing any coarse fibrous parts. Beat eggs and add parsnips, whisking well. Add melted fat, milk, salt, flour. Deep fry in spoonfuls until golden brown. Garnish with parsley. Serve hot for breakfast or luncheon.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. Bergman, Leventhorpe St., Zeehan, Tas.

MULBERRY APPLES

Boil 2 cups mulberries in 3 cups water and 1 cup sugar for 15 minutes. Peel, core 2 large apples, cut into large chunks. Cook with mul-



berries until tender. Serve cold with custard or ice-cream, or use as filling for tart or pie.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Dawson, 65 Ross St., Wiggabba, S. Brisbane.

LIGHT FRUIT CAKE

(Suitable for a light Christmas cake.)

Half pound butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 4 eggs, 1½ cups plain flour, 1½ cups mixed fruits, 1 teaspoon baking powder.

Cream butter and sugar well, add eggs one at a time, beating mixture well. Add flour sifted with baking powder, and lastly fruit. Cook in moderate oven about 1½ hours. This cake keeps well without spirits. Spice may be added or caramel to darken cake.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. B. Morley, Irvineholme, Mount Irvine, N.S.W.

Award for Biscuits

THIS excellent little recipe for nutties was awarded first prize for last week's contest.

NUTTIES: Half cup sugar, 1 cup flour, 1 cup rolled oats, 1 cup dripping, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 1 level teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 2 tablespoons boiling water.

Mix sugar, flour, oats. Stir in melted dripping, syrup, and soda dissolved in boiling water. Bake in teaspoonfuls on a greased tray for 10 minutes in a slow oven. Half a teaspoon spice and 1 dessertspoon lemon juice may be added when mixing.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. C. Gibson, Rose Downs, Richmond, Nth. Qld.



ALL FRUIT for preserving should be garden fresh and sound. Early in the season is the time for preserving fruit whole or in jams and jellies. Check rules carefully, especially if you are a beginner, like Frances Gifford, MGM player, pictured above.

What this food chart means to you!

Continued from page 33

GRATED cheese with apple and celery and chopped mint, in lettuce cups.

Cheese, coarsely grated, with chopped shallot in a potato salad, with crisp shredded cabbage and sliced beet.

For Hot Dishes, cheese can give piquancy to many dishes otherwise too bland to the palate. Try these: Grated cheese added generously to the white sauce for cauliflowers, pumpkins, or carrots.

Toast fingers, spread with chutney and then liberally sprinkled with cheese, heated and served as hot savories.

Slices of cheese heated to melting point on top of an apple tart and served at once.

Slices of cheese placed on grilled tomatoes, heated to browning point. Grated cheese added to short pastry in the mixing, used for vegetable and fish pies.

Meat

NOTICE that the chart indicates that 4oz. of beef provides more than a third of the needed protein.

A boy in his teens needs half as much again as his father. Four oz. of meat, with vegetables, a plate of porridge, a pint of milk, and wheatmeal bread to satisfy the appetite fits the dietary needs of a moderately active man.

Pork has the same protein value as beef, but is more than twice as rich in thiamin (B1). A more economical source of thiamin than pork is oatmeal or wheatmeal porridge, or wholemeal bread.

Liver has an amazingly high food value. It is one of the most valuable and economical sources of iron, Vitamin A, and riboflavin. Serve it at least once a week.

There is no nutritional difference between red and white meats.

MEAT COOKERY

Baking.—Choose the large, fleshy joints, as rib of beef, rolled sirloin, topside, leg, shoulder, or loin of mutton. There are two methods, the quick and slow baking.

Quick Baking: Place meat in pan with dripping in a hot oven (500 deg. F.), sear at this temperature for 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate (350 deg. F.), and cook, allowing 20 to 30 minutes to each lb., according to requirements of rare or well done. Baste occasionally.

Slow baking causes meat to shrink less, makes meat tender, retains moisture, and develops flavor. Place meat in slow oven (300-325 deg. F.) and cook slowly, allowing 40 to 60 minutes to lb., according to degree of "doneness" required.

Baked meats can be varied by boning and stuffing with varied

seasonings. Vary also vegetables and sauces served.

Grilling.—Is suitable only for small tender pieces of meat, such as rump, sirloin or fillet steak, loin chops, cutlets, kidneys, sausages.

Expose meat to great heat of glowing grill or smokeless coals, allowing two minutes on each side. Reduce heat and cook slowly, turning several times. Season and serve at once. Time for cooking, seven to 15 minutes, according to thickness and degree of cooking required.

Stewing.—This long, slow method of cooking can make the cheaper, tougher cuts of meat as tender and appetizing as the more expensive cuts. These cheaper cuts equal in food value the expensive ones and the long, slow cooking does not lower this value.

For brown stews (haricot stews) choose such meat as chuck, skirt, or bladebone steak, neck or leg chops, oxtail or ox kidney. Brown the meat in hot fat and then simmer gently in a well-seasoned, thin brown sauce until tender, 1½ to 2 hours. When adding vegetables, allow only sufficient time to become tender.

For white stews (fricasse) or hot-pot stews (Irish), choose neck or leg chops of mutton, veal chops, tripe, tongue. Simmer with water or stock, sliced onion, and herbs until tender, 1½ to 2 hours. For a white stew strain off liquid, add milk and thicken with flour, using one tablespoon flour to one pint liquid. Season well.

Both these basic stews can be varied in a great number of ways. Varied combinations of vegetables

can be added, flavor meats as bacon or kidneys can be used, herbs can be added with care and discretion, curry powder with fruits can be an ingredient of the white or brown stew, pastry or scone topping or dumplings can be added.

The stew can be cooked in a heavy, lidded saucepan, or in a casserole in a slow oven.

Liver.—Frying with bacon is the most usual form of serving liver. Using this method, dip the 1-inch slices of liver in seasoned flour, shallow fry, turning frequently for about seven minutes, and then simmer for about five minutes in gravy made in same pan, serve at once. Sliced onion or fried apples can be served in the place of bacon.

Try casserole of liver cooked in layers with apples, breadcrumbs, and onions, with topping of bacon.

Equal quantities of minced steak and minced liver, flavored with onion, mustard, and chopped bacon, seasoned, bound with egg or thick sauce, and baked as meat loaf.

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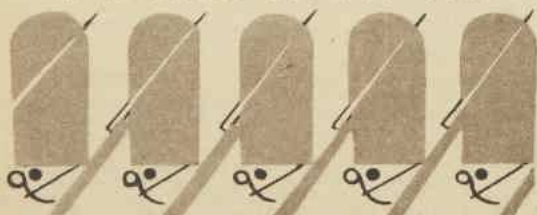
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57

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RISING abruptly,

David said, "I'm not going to listen to any more of this."

Katherine leaned forward. "Let him talk," she said. Her voice was quiet, but there was something in it that made David suddenly whiten.

"Well, ole Davey he gesh mad as a lil' ole bulldog an' he says, 'Well, then, congratulations, Freddy. Two can play at thash game, you know, Eunice. Congratulations, Freddy,' he says—thash me—'Cause I enlisted to-day.' Then he marshes right out on the whole shilly party an' lil' ole Eunice she's knocked right off her feet."

"Shut up, Freddy. You're drunk!" "All right, I'm drunk, why wouldn't I be drunk! You'd be drunk, too, if you wash Freddy. Yes, sir, Davey knocks lil' ole Eunice right off her feet. Tried it once too often, didn't she, Davey, ole boy, ole boy? Even ole worny worm like Davey'll turn an' I says congratulations, thash whash I say."

David stood glowering at him in repressed fury. He did not meet Katherine's eyes. He would have taken Freddy's arm, but that young man had other ideas and eluded him with astonishing agility.

"Whash matter with you, Davey? Ole Freddy in the way? Whose the girl frien'?" He wagged an admonishing finger at them. "Staying here, are you? Well, never you min', ole Freddy won't tell. Have a good time, lil' ole girl frien' an' make him forget lil' ole Eunice."

"Fred!" This time David's eyes were steady and his tone even Freddy could not ignore. He gave in.

"I know, I know. I'm drunk, an' I'll go. 'Course I'm drunk. Why shouldn't I be drunk, tell me thash? You didn't get engagement announced, but I did, ole Freddy did, an' lotta good it did him, Haven't seen lil' ole Eunice since, just shilams t' door in Freddy's face, thash whash she does." His voice became fearful.

"Freddy goin' out in t' garden an' eat worms, an' have a good cry, thash whash. Jus' whash Freddy

Dr. Clay's Wife

Continued from page 5

needs. Davey's smart, he don't sit round an' wait for lil' ole Eunice, no sir, he picks him up a weeash lil' girl frien' an'—

David said in a very quiet voice, "This is my wife, Dalton. You'd better leave us now."

She did not even know when Freddy precipitately had plunged from the room, nor was she conscious of the lengthening silence. And yet, oddly enough, she felt a queer wave of gratitude that the waitress was out of the room.

She saw it all. The important Country Club dinner Eunice Williams had spoken about. Eunice, young and slim and so sure of herself, confident that David would take this one last hurdle for her.

David's final and unpremeditated rebellion. "Two can play at that game. I can marry someone else, too!" That's what that furious throwing of words had meant.

And I'm the someone else!

Katherine clutched the edge of the table. She must not, she would not, let that overpowering faintness master her. She must be fair.

"Kay..."

But there was nothing to say. She knew that David could not continue because there was nothing he could say. She gripped the edge of the table more tightly.

"Is it true?" she asked, carefully forming each word.

"Kay, I swear it. Not as Freddy told it it wasn't..."

Funny that she had no feeling about all this, no feeling at all. She should have. She should be feeling something—jealousy or anger or

reproach. All she could do was to go on talking in that careful voice.

"You... you and Eunice were going to announce your engagement. She decided to marry Freddy Dalton instead, and you came over and married me." Someone laughed. Odd. She did not quite know who that could have been. It didn't sound like anyone she knew, and yet only she and David were in the room. "Is it true?"

"Kay..." "Do you mind?" Katherine got to her feet, checking his quick movement toward her. "Do you very much mind not touching me, please, David?" she said. "And will you answer my question, please. I... I think, perhaps, you owe me that much."

The significance of this swept over her in a wave that all but took her from her feet. The gossip at the Country Club... young Dalton would have spread this far and wide even if no one else had witnessed it... the whispering and laughing at the hospital... that new woman doctor... and Dr. Clay. Losing David... she shook her head. No, she had never had David, not really.

"Is it true?" she said again, persisting.

David looked at her as though he would have denied it, but her glance compelled him. "Kay, I wish you'd listen. I know it sounds all wrong. I know what you're thinking, but..."

"Is it true?" He made a gesture of defeat. They stood looking across the table at each other in silence. Then David said slowly, heavily, "Yes, I'm afraid it is. Not as he told it entirely, but... yes, it's true."

Please turn to page 37

Wrap Yourself in Cotton-wool

Continued from page 4

JIMMY shrugged. "I'm going to London. If the phone's connected I can call a taxi and drop you..."

"We... we haven't talked."

"We said everything before I went away." He stood with his coat on, more tired now, looking at her. "Nothing has changed. They're your own words. The truth is that you talked to me all day, Lisbeth, and without saying a word. Beside me, and locked tight within yourself and—uncomprehending. The things you've always wanted, you have them now, Lisbeth."

"But—" "Wait. I'm trying to be fair to myself. I'd—Id suffocate. Oh, I kept hoping. Your tight little letters, not giving anything of yourself, not to me, not to the war, not to anyone. Afraid to, afraid to jeopardise the tranquillity you'd won. Tranquillity. Your serene little life. The neat little chronicles of your safe days, I kept trying to find something in them, searching between the lines. I came back looking for it... There's nothing."

She was moving back from him, step by step, her face white. Not quite tranquillity. There was no way of telling him that. A slow, painful learning, a subconscious beginning to learn, and the pieces—beginning to fit only to-day.

"Your world rocks and changes, Lisbeth, and you hide in a backwater with father and mother. It's where you belong. Oh, I'm sorry if I haven't been polite and sentimental. I've had too much time to think."

So have I. So have I. She couldn't get the despairing words past the ache in her throat, for Jimmy was moving away from her now. He was going—and for ever.

Perhaps the bell had been ringing for a long time. It was Jimmy who answered it. When the Trainers came into the room Lisbeth stood stricken.

"We decided to come over—" Mrs. Trainer filled the hush with bright chatter.

"We came to take Lisbeth home." Mr. Trainer had to clear his throat. "A hard day," he floundered. "Emotional upset. You two children haven't seen each other for—"

"—and we knew Lisbeth would want to come and think, even if—"

You children—Lisbeth's hands were clenched in tight, tight knots. She turned on them: "Why did you

come? Why, why? Now I'll never, never have a chance to—" Tears choked her.

"Time to think," her mother murmured. "I'm sure Jimmy is going to give you time."

"Oh, he is. He is!" Lisbeth's laughter was wild. "Can't you see he's giving me the rest of my life to think? All of it. Can't you see he's going?"

The best thing. They went on murmuring. She was upset. They could drop Jimmy at the station. "Come, Lisbeth. Come, dear—"

"You go, Mother." Lisbeth moved out of her trance. She pushed her hair back dazedly, but her voice was clear: "You and Dad and Jimmy, if that's what he wants." Anger had drained from her and in its place there was left something quiet and resolute. "I'm staying here." Her voice was low and steady: "This is my home. I left it, but now I've come back. I'm back for good. If Jimmy ever wants to come— Her voice caught.

"You're talking nonsense, Lisbeth. You couldn't stay here alone? Think how lonely—"

It went on, but Lisbeth barely heard it. It was Jimmy she looked at, her heart in her eyes. "Lonely." She picked a word out, slowly. "I'll be too busy to be lonely." It was to Jimmy she talked: "I'll be learning to live. There must be things I can do to help, and I'll learn them. I can do whole-time work at the hospital, which Mother thought would be too much for me. Hundreds and hundreds of hours to—"

Jimmy didn't seem to see Mrs. Trainer, either, nor to hear her. He was brushing past her and moving slowly toward Lisbeth, something drawing him.

"Look at me, Lisbeth." The demanding was back in his voice. "What are you saying? Do you know what you're saying?"

"I'm saying—that I'm staying here, Jimmy. If you must go— She couldn't bear that and she stopped. "Somewhere the peace is waiting," she went on brokenly, "and if you come back to me ever—"

"The peace," he said softly. He'd reached her. "I think that, for us, a little of the peace is here now. Lisbeth, I'm sure it is. I came home to find it."

His coat wasn't hard to get out of. Jimmy merely dropped it.

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Sister Hope, a popular beauty specialist of Sydney, recently gave out this advice about grey hair:—"Anyone can easily prepare a simple mixture at home, at a very little cost, to darken grey, streaked or faded hair and make it soft, lustrous and free of dandruff. Mix the following yourself to save unnecessary expense:—To a half-pint of water, add a small box of Orfex Compound and a little perfume. These can be obtained at any chemist's. Apply to the hair a couple of times a week until the desired shade results. Years of age should fall from the appearance of any grey haired person using this preparation. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, does not rub off."

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HERE'S A VERSION of the flat-on-top style that will suit anyone with small features and a thin or long face. Divide off front lock of hair and smooth it straight back from forehead without parting, like Alice in Wonderland. Pin lock of hair firmly to head at back to keep it flat; brush out rest of hair in soft feathery curls, bringing them high each side. Tie ribbon round, then remove grip at back.



THE CENTRE-PARTED FLAT-TOP shown above is a good style for oval, round, or square face, and regular features. Brush hair very sleek and smooth each side of centre parting; take it in with side hair. Twist this side hair into rope and lift to centre-back and pin. If your forehead is narrow or your face rather short without its topknot, add two gay little bows, one on each side.

Dr. Clay's Wife

Continued from page 36

been, that I rushed you into it. . . I did have a moment's qualm, you remember."

Her face flamed. She remembered, all too well. "When it was too late," she reminded him.

"Admit all that," he continued, "and that I was wrong in the approach. I should have made the whole thing clear to you. We should, perhaps, have waited. Even so, we still are married. You can't forget that."

No, she could not forget that. Everlastingly she would remember it.

He left the stool and came over to her. He dropped on one knee beside her and put his arms lightly round her.

"Kay, let's try again, shall we?" His cheek, masculine and lean, brushed hers.

For one agonising moment she wanted to turn into those arms and feel them drawn closely about her as she had felt them so many times.

And then the memory of Eunice Williams' casual glance, of Freddy Dalton's knowing leer, engulfed her. With it, too, was the foreknowledge of the chuckle that would be running in and round the hospital. She remembered Tom's half incredulous, half angry protest. "But you don't know. . . I mean there are things that. . . Kay, you just can't let yourself in for. . ."

But she had. Tom had known, but she was too eager. She had thought she wanted David without even stopping to examine the terms. Pity help her, she still wanted him!

"Please, David," she said. "Don't." She said it quietly and she did not move out of the circle of his arms, and yet she somehow managed to put remote distance between them. "We're still attracted to each other, naturally. But if we just fell into each other's arms, don't you see that nothing would be settled?"

He took his arms quickly away. His jaw was set. She never had seen this David before. Something in his face made him a stranger, one she almost feared. He said very quietly, "I wasn't trying physical persuasion, I assure you. Let's let it go at that."

He put the stool back into its place. He took the other winged chair before the fire. There was no laughter in his face.

"All I have to say can be said quickly." His voice was even, as though he would not by inflection add to or detract from any significance in his words. "I came here after eight years of exams, and the long grind of working my way through—with all that means of effort and self-denial. The next year should have been easier, but it brought a chance to work with Hartman at the University. You know what that would entail."

She did know. It meant every waking minute filled with exacting work, sustained and unending.

"Then I came here. Suddenly all that long overstrain and penny-pinching were finished. Too suddenly. I had no difficulty in finding patients. The University here gave me the chance for research that I wanted, and along with it a lectureship in the medical school en-

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Dr. Clay's Wife

Continued from page 37

"ALL I wanted was to please Eunice," David went on. "Whatever she wanted, I wanted to give her, to do for her. I was in love. Wildly in love. I've never felt like that before or since." Kay sat very still. "No, I suppose not," she said.

She closed her eyes. Without conscious volition she nevertheless was aware that she longed for that great rush of feeling and emotion which had gone to Eunice Williams in a fresh young tide. She wanted David to be madly and wildly infatuated with her. Most of all she wanted to be in that part of David's life and she knew she never could be, that it was gone for ever both from him and her.

"Well, finally it was over, as those things always pass. That's all. But you can't always walk straight out of those things, not fairly. Oh, I don't say this very well, Kay, but can't you see that it was finished? And we are married. We have to remember that, to go on from there."

Anger surged in her. "Can't you see that it is finished?" As though that were enough and explained everything. And not once had he really seen what it all meant to her not what he had done to her.

"That can be remedied," she said. "Kay, you wouldn't!" He was startled.

"There isn't anything else to do. It can be arranged shortly. I won't ask you to give me evidence in this State and I can't go to Reno until I can arrange for someone to take my work over. It won't take too long." Was that her voice saying that?

He got up. He stood looking down at her for a long moment. Then he said, "Kay, you're wrong about this. I know all the things you are thinking, but they simply aren't true. I'm aware, however, that I

can't make you see it. You'll have to do things your own way. I've asked you to try it mine. I won't beg you. I won't ask you again. You'll have to decide."

"It is decided," Katherine said. In the three feet between them there was the width of the world.

The door-bell rang. It was Tom. "Hello, newlyweds!" He waved from the doorway. "No, sorry I can't come in. Sorry to have to barge in at all, but David, Mrs. Keller isn't so well. We've been trying to get you all the afternoon. We've tried everything we know... but if you'd like to have a look at her yourself..."

It would be Tom, their best friend, who would interrupt them at the moment they needed to be alone.

"I'll get my hat," David said briefly.

When he had gone, Tom grinned at her. "Happy, Kay?"

Color surged to her face and he took that for an answer. "Well, so be it! Come on, doctor."

"Sorry, I must go now, Kay. These Addison crises won't wait too long. I may have to be some time. You won't mind being alone? Shall I send someone?"

"No, I don't mind being alone."

After they'd gone she sat down in front of the fire, her head against the high-backed chair. She did not cry. But her hands went quickly up before her face as though to shut from her sight all the things she was willing herself not to see. She had thought she was lonely that late afternoon of her wedding-day when she first had come to this house. She knew now that she was only beginning to know what it was to be alone.

The hours went on. The avid hands of the clock tore time to shreds and still David did not return. There was so much to be said in the short time that remained to them.

At two she went to bed. Not because she was tired nor to sleep, but merely because pride would not allow an all-night vigil where it could be observed.

With the dawn she fell asleep. She slept a fitful and unrefreshing sleep and awakened to know that she must hurry to the hospital. Strange in the midst of all this to think she must go to her new work and be on time.

David was stretched out on the settee, but he awakened and jumped up when she hurried downstairs.

"Sorry," he said. "I didn't get in till six, and I didn't want to disturb you."

"Oh, David, if you only had!" She wanted to say it aloud, but she said to him, "And Mrs. Keller?"

He had the desperately tired look that follows an all-night session, but he only said, "She's responding. Close, though."

"I'll get you something to eat," "No, thanks, don't. I had coffee, and I don't want anything else for

a while. They're expecting you today, I suppose?"

"Yes, I must go there now, but I'll be home to pack for you."

"Don't bother. The Army doesn't require much impedimenta, they tell me. I'll throw some things in the bag later." Then he added, "You'll still watch the Addison cases for me? Matthews technically will be in charge, but I'd like your opinion."

"Of course," she said. "I'll look in later. Would you like me to go over with you?"

It was his way of telling her she need not face it alone, but she gave no sign that she understood. "No, I know where to go. Tom will show me the ropes." No one could know how passionately grateful she was for Tom to-day.

David, nevertheless, did go with her. Without saying anything further about it, he got his hat and walked out of the house with her. Impersonally, as though they were casual acquaintances with only the common meeting-ground of their profession, he talked of the Addison cases, of the new potential substitute of extracts in current use, of the treatment he hoped to derive for shock.

She wished he would not. Much better to have gone alone than this impersonal stranger, she thought. But she reckoned without David.

WHEN they reached the door of the hospital she braced herself so obviously that he said calmly, "No use giving them more to talk about than they already have!"

As he spoke, he drew her hand through his arm, his fingers closing about her wrist. It was with that half-casual, half-affectionate gesture that they entered the hospital and walked through the corridors, amid the expected joking of their fellows, to the laboratory.

"Here she is!" David ushered her in with a flourish. "I've just initiated her into the time-clock mysteries!"

"The miseries of the time-clock, you mean!" Jane said. "You should be at home being domestic and forgetting them, my girl! What's the use of being married if you can't laugh at any old clock!"

"You speak of that holy estate as if it were one long holiday," Tom observed. "That's my experience."

Kay removed her coat and hat and unpacked a smart white overall from the bag she carried. "Oh, I'm afraid I know more about microscopes and slides than I do about pots and pans," she said. "Just a second, Tom, and I'll be ready to get going."

David turned to go. "And I'll snatch a wink or two of sleep and then be back to wind up things before train time."

"Eight-forty, isn't it, chum?" Tom said gruffly. He was hating the thought of David's departure. "We'll be there to wave you on your way, the lot of us. D'you mind, Kay, if we barge in?"

"Of course not. As a matter of fact, I probably shall say my good-byes in private, and let you do the honors at the station."

"Oh, no, no, my lass! You'll come along and weep on my chest when the train pulls out! Now get out, David, and get your forty winks. This is a lab, not the lounge of the Country Club."

The reference was unfortunate, and the moment he had made it Tom flushed a dull red that was only too apparent to them all.

David, however, passed it off calmly. "Thrown out! And me about to spend my life serving my country! I'll be remembering that crack, my friend, when the bugler routs me out at the break of dawn to-morrow."

"They don't have buglers, they have buzzers. I read it in a magazine."

"I insist on buglers. If I'm in the Army I want to be in the Army, not in a school dormitory. Anyway, it's so comforting to think that someone has to get up earlier than you. Why, a bugler is half the morale of any post. Good-bye, slaves. Don't let them palm off all the work on you, darling."

"Oh, trust me!" Katherine said. How easy it was, this talking over the surface of a thousand unsaid things. "Bye."

Strange, too, how easily she dropped into the routine. Jane took her morning laboratory reports and went back to her own domain. Kay made some slides Tom required, and then he said to her: "You've got a post-mortem coming down, Kay. Shout if you can't find anything."

She did the post-mortem. Hours later David came and they conferred.

"Matthews is out of town," he said. "So I am leaving the data with you. They can go along on the usual routine until he gets back. Keller is out of immediate danger, and there's nothing more we can do for her just now." Then he added impersonally: "I'll appreciate it if you'll keep me informed. It may help on this new shock thing I'm working on."

"Of course. Weekly reports?" "At least. Unless something unusual shows up—I hope it won't."

He left with her a sheaf of data and a long page of procedure and suggestions for Addison's. "I've put the orders on the chart on your desk. You might pass it along to the charge nurse for me. I've a few outside patients to see. Then the staff are giving me a dinner. Sorry about that."

"You needn't be. They'd want to, and they didn't get a chance before." "I'll see you at the house, then, before train time."

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